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The Week.

THE evidence for the defence in the impeachment trial closed on Saturday; nothing now remains but the summing up of counsel; and probably before this reaches our readers the whole case will be in the hands of the Senate, or perhaps even the verdict will have been delivered. Of the unimportance of the evidence we have spoken elsewhere, and, if we are right in our estimate of it, the shutting out of the testimony offered by the defence, of Mr. Johnson's having been advised by his cabinet that the Tenure-of-Office Act was unconstitutional, and that he ought to disregard it, can hardly seriously affect his case. The fact that he was so advised is an important one, and the Senate knows it, and the public knows it, whether it was proved or not. The Tenure-of-Office Act is one of those acts the constitutionality of which, as we showed some weeks ago, cannot be tested unless the President himself violates it, and the advice he received from his cabinet about it undoubtedly has an important bearing on the question of his intent in violating it. This advice does not legally exonerate him, but it is something for the Senate to consider in making up its mind as to whether it will punish him or not. Mr. Wilson's point, that the cabinet is not a constitutional body, was able and sound, but, nevertheless, perfectly irrelevant. The advice of counsel would not justify a man in resisting the sheriff; but if he killed the sheriff in resisting him, the fact that counsel did so advise him would be a very important one in an enquiry whether he was guilty of wilful and preconcerted murder or only of manslaughter.

The only other noteworthy incident in the trial since last week has been the refusal of the Senate to give Messrs. Stevens and Logan what, in the language of good nature, is called "a chance." In short, each of these gentlemen wanted to deliver a speech at the close, of indeterminate length, and upon divers subjects known and unknown. We think we do them no injustice in surmising that, in addition to the legal reasons for convicting Mr. Johnson furnished by the lawyer managers, they wished to supply others by drawing the attention of the

Senate to his violations of "eternal justice" and of "the rights of man," and his disregard of the "eternal veracities." The refusal of the Senate to hear them on these subjects has, we admit, a narrow-minded look; but then the Senate is pressed for time, and the country is impatient, and the House will listen to the speeches. We were asked some weeks ago to forbear criticising Mr. Stevens's performances on account of his physical infirmity, which, we were told, incapacitated him for business after eleven or twelve o'clock every day. If this infirmity does not prevent his delivering speeches, however, it hardly furnishes a claim to immunity. Nobody's opinions, because they are *his*, ought to influence the Senate in this proceeding. It should listen to nothing but arguments; and if Mr. Stevens is as ill as he seems, or as his friends represent, he is not in a condition to argue or to claim a hearing from either the Senate or the public, and a proper sense of decorum would keep him in the background. The House paid a sufficient tribute to his fortitude and past services by placing him amongst the Managers; it is now for him to take care that he does not occupy the time and place which the interests of the country claim for men in possession of all their powers of mind and body.

Congress has been only very intermittently in session during the past week, but it is understood that the committees are working hard, and that when once the trial is over a good deal of legislation will be done in a short time. The Ways and Means Committee is said to have a new Tax bill nearly ready. On Monday last the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, through its chairman, Mr. Banks, offered and defended its bill in regard to the protection of American citizens abroad, and after considerable debate, in which Mr. Banks was very remarkably inefficient, the bill passed. It is declared that the right of expatriation is a natural right; that this Government, recognizing the right, has freely received emigrants from foreign countries and made them citizens; that such American citizens, no matter what theories of indefeasible allegiance may be upheld by foreign nations, owe no allegiance, except to the United States. So much by way of preamble. It is sound doctrine, and the press and our State Department in its various branches have for some years maintained it. As Mr. Jenckes pointed out, however—and he received a rebuke from Mr. Banks for doing it—our courts have been compelled to state the law as it exists, the common law on the subject, and there has been a variance between our claims, as urged abroad by our officials, and our declaration of the law and our action upon it in the courts. The new bill removes this inconsistency by expressly declaring null all opinions, decisions, and so on, which tend in any way to impair the right of expatriation. This also seems perfectly well. But next comes a provision that a naturalized American is to have the same protection abroad that a native-born American has—a principle not to be laid down without qualifications; and, finally, comes the absurd Third Section—an appropriate ornament for Mr. Banks's political, though hardly for his personal, tombstone. It provides that when an American citizen abroad is arrested on the allegation that naturalization in the United States does not dissolve his allegiance to his native country; or, when any American, arrested for any cause, is kept too long imprisoned, the President is authorized to suspend commercial relations with the offending country (this was Mr. Pile's amendment), or catch any citizen of the offending country that he can find over here and put him in jail. There is now, as is well known, little or nothing in the way of a sensible settlement of the whole question, and there is hardly a doubt that it will be but a little while before we shall be recording such a treaty with England and France as we have just concluded with North Germany. The bill

passed the House by one of those votes which are ominous of the failure of the measure in the Senate. There were but 5 nays to 99 yeas. On the same day a resolution was agreed to which directs the Committee on Commerce to enquire whether Congress has power to legislate for the prevention of the great loss of life on railroads, and, if they find such power, to enquire into the expediency of Government inspection of railroads. Previously, on the 15th, the petition of a large number of citizens of New York, praying for a national railroad between this city and Washington, was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals. The House passed a bill appropriating \$10,000 for impeachment expenses.

The election returns from Michigan, official for fifty out of the sixty-two counties of the State, and estimated for the rest, pretty well establish the following facts: The total vote—and this happens seldom in constitutional elections—is the heaviest ever cast, and shows that great interest was felt in the result. That this should be so is reasonable enough, there being at least two exciting issues before the people. One was the question whether or not it shall hereafter be unlawful in Michigan to buy and sell intoxicating beverages. It is a question that comes home eloquently to men's business bosoms everywhere, and especially in a State in which much of the hardest of hard manual labor is done, and where, also—though Michigan is perhaps the most cultivated and enlightened of the newer States—"drinking" holds an important place among the too few means of pleasure. The "prohibition" clause of the new constitution is defeated, it seems, by something like 13,000 majority. The other question was not submitted to the people separately, and undoubtedly the defeat of the constitution in general is to be attributed to the clause granting suffrage to the negroes. The adverse majority is more than 40,000, or about one-half what it would have been if the vote had been taken ten or eleven years since; and ten years is not long in the life of a race, even when "unrighteous men," and unsagacious voters, oppose it.

The Press dinner to Dickens, in spite of some conspicuous drawbacks, was a success. It gave Dickens what he probably strongly desired, an opportunity of making a hearty acknowledgment of the warmth and delicacy and "magnanimity"—this last word is his own—of the reception he has met with in this country, of avowing his intention on his return to England to append to the "American Notes" some marked modifications in the judgment therein passed on American persons and things, and of uttering a really eloquent protest against whatever tends to prevent the closer union of America and England in thought and feeling—all of which the audience received with genuine enthusiasm. The speeches, too, were more than usually good. Mr. Greeley's at the opening was both happy and graceful; was, in short, done in his best vein—which, whatever one may think of his worst vein, is in most particulars admirable. The speech of the evening was, however, Mr. G. W. Curtis's, which was a combination of sentiment and thought rather unusual in after-dinner speeches, and was in every way such an expression of the feeling of cultivated Americans towards Charles Dickens as we should all wish the great author to carry away with him as a last farewell. There was one passage in it which we cannot help reproducing, and which we earnestly commend to the consideration not only of all foul-mouthed friends of humanity, but to all those "gentlemen of the press" who want to see the press become a profession which honorable and educated men will deliberately choose, instead of being, as one speaker at the dinner called it, "a resort" to which men betake themselves when other things fail, and which successful writers who have once belonged to it make a boast of not being ashamed of:

"The paramount duty of the Literary Press is purity; of the Political Press, honesty. Our Copyright law, as you are aware, Mr. Chairman, inflicts a fine for every repetition of the offence, so that the fine is multiplied as many times as there are copies of the book printed. So the man who, as a writer for the Press, says what he does not believe, or defends a policy that he does not approve, or panders to a base passion or a mean prejudice for a party purpose, is so many times a traitor to the craft represented at this table as there are copies of his newspaper printed. And as honest or even dishonest difference of opinion is entirely compatible with courtesy,

as even denunciation is a thousand-fold more stinging and effective when it is not vituperation, decency of manner becomes the Press no less than decency of matter. When the manners of the Press become those of Tombs pettifoggers, or Old Bailey shysters, or the Eatonswill Gazette, its influence upon society will be revealed by a coarse and brutal public opinion. While we boast of the tremendous power of the Press, let us remember that the foundations of its power as a truly civilizing influence are, first, purity, then honesty, then sagacity and industry. It may sometimes seem otherwise; but it is an illusion. A man may build up a great journal as he may amass any other great fortune, and seem to be a shining miracle of prosperity. But if he have neither love, nor honor, nor troops of friends, his prosperity is a fair orchard bearing only apples of Sodom."

Mr. Norton was the only speaker at the dinner who made any response to that portion of Mr. Dickens's speech—and it was certainly not the least important—in which he touched on the relations of England and America. Although what Mr. Norton said was well and eloquently said, the omission on the part of the others is to be regretted, because one of Dickens's uses, and, let us add, one of his highest uses, is as a softener of international asperities, grudges, and hates. It is the more to be regretted as the *Tribune* is the only paper which published a full report of the proceedings. The *World* omitted all mention of Mr. Curtis's speech—a circumstance which suggests some curious reflections as to the influence of newspaper editing on human character. Journalism is said to be an ennobling profession; most editors of the leading papers are adult males, and they profess to present the public with accurate, if not full, reports of the leading events of the day; and yet one of their commonest modes of displaying personal or political dislike is to suppress or turn into burlesque speeches delivered at public meetings—a kind of hostile demonstration which is only worthy of that type of vulgar, weak, and vindictive woman, so common in society, and the extirpation or great diminution of which is one of the great objects of the movement in favor of higher female education.

The *Tribune*, by printing an article with the pleasant heading of "Horatio Seymour as a Liar," and ringing changes on that gentleman's "lying" and other evidences of depravity, *apropos* of some alleged misstatements of his, about the cost of reconstruction, in a public speech recently delivered, has furnished the daily papers during the week with materials for several articles on Mr. Greeley's peculiarities of diction, and Mr. Greeley with an opportunity of repeating once more his somewhat startling, but now well-known, opinions as to the propriety and expediency of calling opponents "liars" on all possible occasions. As we have often taken the liberty of saying, we consider the practice not only silly and useless, but under certain circumstances—as, for instance, when it is committed in the columns of a "great daily"—often brutalizing and always barbarizing. Nobody can read such articles as the one referred to without being the worse of it. They do not make liars more odious; they simply make lying seem a more trifling offence. What makes the practice all the more deplorable in the present case is, that the offender is a gentleman who occupies himself largely with delivering lectures to young men on "the conduct of life" and cognate themes, and is actually an active and prominent member of the board of management of a university intended to teach the youth of the West the humanizing, civilizing, and refining arts. Nor is this the worst of it. The practice of calling men "liars" is rarely met with amongst people who place a high value on truth. It is commonest of all in places, like gambling saloons and brothels, where truthfulness is a synonym for imbecility. A charge which a man would deeply feel if made against himself, he is seldom quick to make against others. Nobody who has seen much of the world has failed to observe the close connection there commonly is between foulmouthedness and bluntness of the moral perceptions. To those who have not thought on this before we would respectfully recommend the perusal of the interesting observations on the reflex action of language on the mind which Mr. Marsh has inserted in his valuable book on "The English Language" (pp. 234-7). The unfortunate person who, two years ago, in the *Boston Commonwealth*, accused Henry Ward Beecher of "having turned his back on morals and religion," because, after a life of devotion to freedom, he had made a mistake about the terms of reconstruction, probably did not mean half what his words implied, and

was not, after all, very deeply penetrated with a sense of the enormity of Mr. Beecher's offence. Long indulgence in extravagance and vituperation had doubtless driven from his mind all distinct impression of what "morals and religion" were, and as well led him to mistake sputtering for force, and to fancy billingsgate a good vehicle of what he thought was righteous indignation. Of the disgrace which this sort of thing reflects on American journalism we say nothing. People who are not troubled about their own reputation or their own moral condition are not likely to be affected by the consideration of the influence of their conduct on the social standing of the profession to which they belong.

Reconstruction just now gets not very much attention, and excites little interest, the fact of the matter being that people in general wait for the administration of Grant to close up the business thoroughly and speedily, and hardly look for anything final till after November. They probably are not very much mistaken in this view. Still, some irrevocable things are doing now. Arkansas is already on her way to Washington with a ratified constitution and a demand for immediate admission to Congress. Some of the other States are not far behind her; and, from present appearances, some are not yet started on the road which Arkansas has almost entirely traversed. In spite of the earnest protest of General Schofield, backed by an array of indisputable facts which his official position has brought within his knowledge, and in spite of good advice from many leading Republicans of the Radical wing of the party, the Virginia Convention, under the guidance of its least instructed politicians, has put into the constitution a test of loyalty that will ensure the failure of ratification, will keep Virginia under military rule for some time to come, and will tend to put it under Conservative rule when military rule is over. Louisiana has, perhaps, ratified the new constitution, though full returns have not yet been received. In South Carolina, which voted last week, the result is not doubtful. As we write, Georgia is voting, and the indications are that Mr. Bullock (Radical) may have been successful. General Meade's late orders show how he has worked—and how hard he has had to work—to make a fair and peaceable election at all probable. Make it certain he could not, we imagine, with the force at his disposal. He begins by forbidding the opening of the ballot-boxes, or the counting of votes, or the giving of information about the progress of the election, until after the final closing of the polls. The polls being finally closed, two men of character, chosen by the managers from the opposite party, are to be admitted to witness the counting. The next order relates to the resignations of sheriffs of counties. Such resignations have recently been pouring in on him, the General declares, and they came on the eve of an important election, when there is not time enough to make new appointments. He declines, therefore, to accept them, and threatens punishment to sheriffs who do not faithfully continue in the performance of their duties. In the same order the intimidation of voters, of which complaints are said to be numerous, is forbidden, and fine or imprisonment is denounced against offending employers. Order No. 58 forbids the calling off of laborers from their work in order to attend political meetings; prohibits nocturnal assemblages of armed voters; and requires that notification of intent to hold political meetings shall be given either to the military or to the civil authorities. Arms, concealed or otherwise, are not to be carried or worn on the days of election. The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau are to instruct the freedmen as to their duties and rights. And, finally, it is ordered, as the General hears complaints that the registrars have stricken from the voting lists names of good legal voters, that all persons whose names have been stricken off during the last five days of revision shall be allowed to vote. Their ballots, however, are to be kept separate to be sent separately to headquarters, where the status of the votes shall be determined. Louisiana seems to be yet in doubt, and North Carolina is voting.

The news from England is mainly composed of divers small signs of the rising of the democratic tide. An effort which began thirty years ago to abolish flogging in the army, has at last been crowned with success. It was one of the indications and bulwarks of the aris-

tocratic constitution of the military system. As long as it was kept up, men whom it would be a shame and scandal not to promote were not likely to enter the ranks, and the purchase system remained tolerably safe. Now that it is gone, the purchase system will probably not last another session, and the purchase system gone, the British army loses its time-honored privilege of being led by "gentlemen." In short, it will go into action under the same breed of men who led it at Naseby and Worcester. Another "old landmark," as the reporters say, has disappeared in the abolition of proxies by the House of Lords. The old gentlemen have grown frightened by the hubbub made last year about the small attendance of peers at their debates, and, with the view of infusing some life into their sessions, have deprived absentees of the privilege of commissioning others to vote for them. But the spirit of the Lords is clearly broken. The debate on the proxies was feeble to the verge of inanity; the amendment to the Mutiny Bill abolishing flogging, which, under the leadership of the "illustrious Duke"—the Commander-in-Chief—they would have thrown out with contempt twenty or even ten years ago, they have swallowed almost with a beggar's meekness. The awful shadow of the "Compound Householder" is upon them, and they are trying to make ready for him. The general impression in England seems to be that nothing but their consent to the creation of a large number of life peers will save them; but there can be little doubt that any such creation would tend before long to the abolition of the hereditary principle altogether.

The Disraeli Ministry obtained a breathing space after its late defeat by the intervention of the Easter holidays. What they will do on the reassembling of the House there is as yet no means of conjecturing; but, if we were to judge from the language both of the Premier and Lord Stanley during the debate, we should say they would try to stay in, and do whatever the majority wanted either about the Irish Church or anything else; in other words, play over again the game which was so successful in the case of the Reform bill. The House was so disgusted, however, with their performances in the debate on the Irish Church, that it is hardly likely this will be permitted. Lord Stanley made a complete failure. His arguments were not only weak, but the speech had been apparently written out beforehand in anticipation of points which Mr. Gladstone did not make—a fatal defect, of course, in a reply, and it gave such unmistakable evidence of readiness to surrender the Irish Church that the Tories were stricken with consternation, and listened in amazed silence. Mr. Disraeli's speech was hollow and rambling and feeble, and his whole manner a marked contrast to Gladstone's fire and enthusiasm. In fact, the "gentlemen of the press" will probably be furnished by Mr. Disraeli's career, before it is over, with as striking an illustration of the value of principle as of the value of pluck and cleverness.

The disputes between masters and workmen in England have taken a new turn, and rather a singular one, by the resort of the masters to a weapon hitherto untried, and, we imagine, unthought of. The workmen of the Springhead Spinning Company struck against a reduction of wages. The company tried to fill their places, but all their efforts were foiled by the posting of placards and publication of advertisements by the strikers, explaining the nature of the quarrel. The advertisements and placards were traced to two operatives named Riley and Butterworth; and the company, having obtained proof that they had prevented persons from entering their employment, have filed a bill in Chancery asking for an injunction restraining Riley and Butterworth from issuing any more placards or advertisements, and asking for damages for the loss already sustained. The Vice-Chancellor has accordingly granted a temporary injunction until the case can be heard. The bill contains the following verses on co-operation, extracted from the work-people's address, which are perhaps as good as are often heard at the Chancery bar:

"Man, poor and feeble when alone,
The sport of every passing wind,
In war, in trade, in art has shown
He's all-resistant when combined.

"If, then, when fear or interest plead,
Sustaining crowds together press,
Why may not social kindness lead
Mankind to join for happiness?"

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE EVIDENCE IN THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

THERE has probably been nothing about the impeachment process which has disappointed so many people as its being treated by the Senate as a judicial process. By many of those who were most earnest in advocating it, it was evidently regarded as a mere form, somewhat like an act of attainder, for giving effect to a determination at which the legislature had already arrived. The solemn manner in which they always spoke of the Senate as the "*High Court of Impeachment*" was not intended to impress people with the idea that the Senate was a court of justice, so much as with the idea that its decisions could not be questioned or overruled by any other tribunal; in other words, the object of the phrase was rather to magnify its authority than describe its nature. Everything that was said by these persons to or of the Senate, also, after the trial became certain, showed that they were as far as possible from regarding the senators as judges, or from wishing the public so to regard them. The conviction of the respondent was always spoken of as "a duty," and the "High Court" was told every day that it was a duty which the country would insist on having performed—a kind of talk which strongly suggested the inference that the impeachment was looked upon not even as a legislative process, but as one purely administrative.

What meaning those who were of this way of thinking attached to the attendance of the Chief-Justice, the examination of witnesses, the appearance of counsel, and the adoption of rules of procedure, we have never been able to ascertain, though we have read their speeches and articles pretty carefully. That they considered them mere forms, there is plenty of evidence; but we have never been able to make out why they did not deny their necessity, and insist on having them dispensed with. To maintain that the Senate ought to have its mind made up on the first day, and that the country ought to insist on its acting as if it had, and yet make no objection to the waste of time in listening to speeches and examining witnesses, was, to say the least, inconsistent; but it is an inconsistency which we can only explain by ascribing it to superstition. People who imagine that the adoption of bran-new constitutions will pacify and "regenerate" the South, might naturally suppose that there is some occult virtue in legal forms, and that Mr. Johnson could not have been got out of the White House, even by a judgment of the Senate, unless he had been heard by counsel. There is another explanation to which, however, as it is less charitable, we prefer not to resort, and that is that they took the mass of the people for fools, and imagined that outward signs of a judicial proceeding could be made to disguise effectually a merely legislative act.

We are glad to say the Senate has thoroughly disappointed them, as indeed from the outset we hoped it would. It has never shown the slightest forgetfulness of the real nature of the process or of the real nature of its own duties. It has treated the Chief-Justice not as a man of straw or bundle of clothes set up in the president's chair to impose on the vulgar by tawdry imitation of European forms, but as a real magistrate, brought from the most venerable bench in the world, to assist by his learning and experience in the deliberations of the greatest of criminal tribunals, during one of the most solemn and imposing of legal processes. It has examined witnesses and heard the speeches of counsel for the purpose of informing its judgment, and not for the purpose of amusing the timid or stupid with a caricature of a court of justice. It has respected at every stage not only the demands of abstract justice, but the great traditions of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. As far as lookers-on can judge, the exciting contests of the last eighteen months have exercised as little influence on the Senate as human nature will permit such contests to leave on those who have borne part in them. Certainly there is no lawyer who has watched the proceedings but must have been proud of his profession, and proud

of the training it gives, on seeing the lawyers in the Senate split, without reference to party ties, on nearly every question of procedure, hot Radicals like Mr. Sumner just as constantly lawyer-like as cool Conservatives like Mr. Fessenden; and it is only the constant spectacle of this impartiality and this devotion to legal rules which has opened the eyes of those who clamored for impeachment to its real nature.

The evidence is now, as we write, all in, and nothing remains of the proceeding but the summing up of counsel. We are bound to say, however, that we think the evidence sheds absolutely no light on the case; and, as we look back on it, one can hardly help concurring with the Enthusiasts, though for a different reason, in thinking that it might all have been dispensed with on both sides. The managers brought nothing to light; proved nothing that was not notorious. The defence also has proved nothing that was not already known, or that would not have been just as effective if mentioned by counsel in the course of a speech as if sworn to on the stand. It is safe to assert, too, that all the time spent in arguing on the admissibility of evidence, though not wasted, was not spent in furnishing materials for a decision. Nothing has really been shut out that anybody wanted to get in. The rules of evidence, on the application of which so much argument has been expended, are all based on the theory that whatever is shut out by the rules will be really kept from the knowledge of the jury, and, in ordinary cases, this theory has a real foundation in fact. It might have been borne out even in the present case had the "high crimes and misdemeanors" with which the President is charged been acts of private iniquity, now for the first time brought to light. The charges against him are, however, of such a nature that the attempt to apply to them the technical rules of evidence has occasionally been almost ludicrous, and always a little absurd. Some of the greatest fights between counsel have been over points of about as much practical importance as the admissibility of evidence of Andrew Johnson's residence in the White House. If, for instance, the managers had succeeded in excluding all evidence of the declarations by which his alleged illegal acts were accompanied, they might have given a striking illustration of their own skill and energy; but they would hardly have succeeded in withholding from the consideration of the Senate one iota that would be likely to influence its decision. The Senate does not need evidence to show it that Andrew Johnson talked like a high-minded constitutional patriot when he was planning the removal of Mr. Stanton; and no suppression of evidence will leave it under the impression that Stanton's removal was part of a dark conspiracy against the Government. So, also, as regards its late refusal to admit evidence of what passed at the cabinet meeting before Stanton's removal was resolved on. This is spoken of as a great triumph for the managers, and a heavy blow and great discouragement to the defence; and so, if the trial were a mere match between counsel in forensic skill, or if the Senate had never heard of Mr. Johnson or of Mr. Stanton till the articles of impeachment were filed, it might be so considered. But the fact is, the Senate knows, and has long known, perfectly well what passed at that cabinet meeting. Everybody now knows it. The mere proffer of the evidence was just as effectual for all practical purposes as its formal reception. It may, of course, be said that the Senate will not permit anything to influence it in finding its verdict but what has been sworn to in open court. But then senators are but men, and their powers of self-abstraction are, therefore, limited. We have as high an opinion as anybody of the capacity of the human mind, but it is not high enough to induce us to believe that there is a single senator in the body who, acting honestly, can shut out from his mental vision, in deliberating on this case, every circumstance of which no formal proof has been put in. That the court will allow itself to be influenced by irrelevant considerations we do not for a moment believe; but a great many things that are perfectly relevant have been excluded under purely technical rules. Mr. Sumner's proposal to admit everything was in reality a sensible attempt to adapt the rules of procedure to the facts of the case, and get rid of what everybody has felt all along was a sham.

Now, it was undoubtedly under the impression that there would be in the proceedings the same field that there is in trials before ordinary courts, in ordinary cases, for the display of dexterity in getting facts before the jury, and shutting them out from its sight, or in other words,

keeping it in ignorance of them, that Mr. Butler was put amongst the managers. In this sort of work, and in that mixture of badinage and insolence and readiness by which juries are always entertained, and often deceived or hoodwinked, he is beyond question a master. His course during the trial has not belied his reputation. Few matches for him, and certainly no superior, are to be found in the records of the Old Bailey bar. But owing to the peculiarities of the present case, which make it as different as can well be even from most of the great impeachment cases of history, his peculiar talents have not only been useless, but have been well-nigh wasted. The managers begin to see now that he has kept nothing from the knowledge, and brought nothing to the knowledge, of the Senate, while his professional conduct has been such as has steadily, little by little and day by day, been disgusting the Senate, and, what is if possible worse, disgusting the public; and they are, if we are not mistaken, very near the conclusion that it would have been somewhat better if the case had remained in Mr. Wilson's hands from the beginning.

The fact is that the brunt of the battle has still to come. The senators are at this moment about as wise, and know about as much, as when the trial commenced. The only new light they have received has come from Mr. Curtis, whose lucid and powerful address, worthy in every way of the best days of forensic argumentation, was the first coherent presentation that had ever been made of the President's case, and for this reason was both valuable and important, whatever may have been its real force. In so far as their decision will be affected by what they hear at their bar, it will probably be by the summing up on both sides; and in this smartness and dexterity will count for nothing—weight, learning, and logic for much. In all these things we are bound to say the President's counsel can hardly fear comparison with their adversaries. The case of the people is, in fact, now where it ought to have been all along, in the hands of Messrs. Boutwell, Bingham, and Wilson. They have escaped one great danger by having their colleagues shut out from making speeches. They must have watched the movement to unseal the fountains of Messrs. Logan's and Stevens's eloquence with no ordinary anxiety; but this passed, we may doubtless look at their hands for a stronger and abler statement of the case for the prosecution than we have yet heard.

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

THE state of France at the present moment is, on the whole, more interesting than it has been since 1847, and the present crisis in many particulars closely resembles that which preceded the overthrow of Louis Philippe, though there is of course not much likelihood of its terminating in the same way. The Mexican failure, the aggrandizement of Prussia, and the Luxembourg check, followed closely by an immense increase in the national armament, with a corresponding depression in business, has at last ended in great political uneasiness. All the news from France speaks of a general apprehension that something is going to happen—though nobody undertakes to say what the something will be. The overthrow of the actual government by force is not now talked of, or even thought possible, as it was so constantly from 1815 to 1851. "A descent into the streets" is something which nobody now looks for, and which nobody thinks likely to succeed. Moreover, Louis Napoleon enjoys a prodigious advantage over his predecessors, and particularly over the Republic of 1848, in the increased intelligence, good sense, and education of the working-men of all the large cities. The wild dreams which led to the horrible struggle of June, 1849, have almost entirely passed away. The working-men as a body have ceased to expect anything from the state except liberty, and are completely absorbed in the experiment of co-operation. The plan of a state organization of labor, state supply of popular loan banks, and all the rest of the machinery for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes, and their withdrawal from the operation of the law of competition, which formed so large a part of the fruits of the Revolution of 1848, have vanished like a mist. The great principle even, "To everybody according to his wants—from everybody according to his capacity," which was the watchword of the last Republic, is now no longer heard of. The experience which the co-operative associations have supplied, and are

supplying, of the difficulties which human nature throws in the way of conducting any business on purely humanitarian principles, or of leaving it to each individual to fix the amount of the contribution he will make to the work of civilization, has proved to be of the highest political importance. It has, in fact, ruined the "social republic," and brought the working-men into closer political sympathy with the educated bourgeoisie than they have ever been before. Moreover, by diminishing the dread of the "Rouges," and of their theories about property, which so readily drove the shopkeeping bourgeoisie in 1851 into the arms of the dictator, it has robbed the Empire of one of its strongest supports.

Accordingly, we venture to say that, in spite of the restrictions on the press, there has not been since the Restoration so great an amount of good political writing—writing displaying the political sense, the restraint, the moderation, the appreciation of difficulties, which come from experience and reflection, as is to be found in the French newspapers and reviews of to-day. There has never been so little rhetoric, extravagance, and wild generalization; and the discussion of social problems to be found in the publications of the working-men, which, prior to 1848, were about as valuable as Andrew Jackson Davis's account of the "Summer Land," are now such as no political economist can pass over, and such as but very few can study without profit and instruction. Of course, in saying all this we are simply comparing Frenchmen with Frenchmen, and not with Americans or Englishmen or Hungarians. To complete the political education of a people the entire freedom of the press, the habit of listening to oral discussion and of local self-government, are absolutely necessary. Nothing else will give the patience and the capacity of waiting and trusting to the power of talk, and talk only, to accomplish what is wanted, and the distrust of all political panaceas—in which what is called "the political sense" may be said to consist, and this the French as yet have not. Let us say also, and we believe it can be said in perfect soberness, the history of the United States during the last ten years has powerfully aided the French in their political education, and done a great deal to render Imperial tutelage not only unnecessary but irksome. The mere spectacle of the impeachment, especially if it be followed by the deposition of the President, will perhaps exercise an influence on French political thought such as no other event of foreign politics has ever done, for France has, politically, hitherto learnt little or nothing from other nations. The only country she has ever made any attempt to copy has been England, but the difference in the constitution of English and French society has always made the attempt a failure.

The prevalent uneasiness now is revealed in various ways, and has made so much impression on the Government as to extract from the Emperor what is perhaps the weakest of all his appeals to the people—the pamphlet of which we spoke a fortnight ago, adding up the various majorities which the Napoleonic dynasty has received in the various "plebiscites" for which it has called. In the first place, the army bill which is now going into operation, and which is very oppressive, has excited riots of greater or less violence in most of the departments. There has, of course, been no difficulty in suppressing them; but then the grievance which excited them remains, and is sure to be felt a year hence more deeply than now, and is perhaps the only grievance which has seriously weakened the hold of the Empire on the peasantry. Along with the increase in the armament and the depression in business have come at last revelations about the increase in the national debt which has been made by the Imperial régime, which, strange as it may appear, have taken the public by surprise. A pamphlet giving the figures in full is running through edition after edition, and this is, of course, a form of attack against which the Government is powerless. It cannot prosecute a man for publishing the public accounts in a popular form, and it cannot produce any countervailing facts that would be likely to lessen the impression which the exposure makes. We gave the figures of this increase some weeks ago in the *Nation*. Moreover, the Emperor and his supporters in the legislature are at loggerheads. He is either sufficiently alarmed by the condition of the country or sufficiently satisfied of the wisdom of change, with reference to the more remote future, or sufficiently weakened in the nerves, to be desirous of making concessions to the liberals. His followers in both branches of the legislature are determined that he shall not, if they can

help it. The Corps Législatif has just passed two bills of considerable importance, under strong ministerial pressure: one releasing the press from the arbitrary control of the Government, the provisions of which we have more than once explained already; and the other creating a limited right of holding meetings for political discussion during a short period before each election. The bills are now in the Senate, but there they seem to have stuck fast, for some unexplained reason. The truth seems to be, however, that the imperialists are making at last a firm stand against what they consider the Emperor's weakness, the senators refusing to go any farther, and the majority in the Corps Législatif demanding as the reward of their compliance in voting against their inclination that the Chamber shall be now dissolved, and a new election held, before the new laws come into force—that is, an election on which neither the proposed right of meeting nor the proposed freedom of the press shall be brought to bear. This proposition has been anxiously discussed at the Tuileries, but, at the date of the latest news, without any decision, the Emperor fearing the result of an appeal to the country during the prevalence of the existing discontents. The alternative proposed by the inner circle of the imperialists is said to be war, but whether with Russia or Prussia seems as yet undetermined. The seeds of a petty quarrel already exist in the Prussian controversy with Denmark, in which France is endeavoring to act as a mediator. There is also talk of a renewal of the demand for a "territorial compensation" on the Rhine, which Prussia so contemptuously rejected shortly after Sadowa. The probable ground of quarrel with Russia does not yet appear, but Russia seems to be slightly preferred as an antagonist, as, in a conflict with her, Austrian aid might be counted on with tolerable certainty.

The conclusion at which the French conservatives—that is, the clergy, the large landholders, and the old legitimists—are said to have arrived, is that there is nothing for France but a return to pure despotism like that of Louis XIV., and that the mixed system, half despotic, half constitutional, has proved a failure, and must be abandoned. The liberals, on the other hand—and under this term must be included in this matter a large body of supporters of the present dynasty—maintain that a people as intelligent and highly educated as the French cannot be governed by even as much despotism as is now brought into play, for the simple reason that no emperor, however able and enlightened, is equal to the burden of responsibility which results from failures and mishaps, and that if the dynasty is to be saved a ministry responsible to the people must be set up, to draw off from the throne the fire of popular indignation, and furnish by resignation or dismissal a ready and harmless mode of appeasing discontent. The amount of outspokenness which the discussion is producing is something extraordinary, and unless it should be all silenced for the present by war, which there is some reason to fear, cannot but produce before very long some serious results.

A PRECIOUS OPPORTUNITY.

For a nation which pretends to be civilized the United States has already a deplorably bad credit. Compared with the credit of England, France, Prussia, and most of the secondary states of Europe, the credit of the richest and most powerful of republics is humiliatingly low. It would be quite superfluous to quote the prices of the loans of these empires, monarchies, and aristocracies in comparison with the prices of the republican loans; the fact is patent and admitted on all hands. The primary cause of this condition of things is not far to seek. Educated Europe does not believe in republican honor. Looking down at its own laboring classes, it says: "Republican honor is practically nothing better than the honor of the majority of the common people. It is impossible that the masses of the people should have that delicate sense of honor which is the best possession of the enlightened few who in reality control European governments. All history is against such a supposition. The vulgar cannot comprehend the sanctity of a promise. Majorities under universal suffrage must always be vulgar." Following out this train of thought to its legitimate conclusion, educated Europe does not believe in the stability of republican institutions. Most European thinkers believe that the republic will go to pieces; some think the wreck will be complete without possibility of regeneration; others, more hopeful, look for-

ward to the seizing of the fragments of the dishonored republic by the richer and more honorable classes of society. These views rest upon an axiom and a mere opinion: the axiom is this, that in the long run there is but one guaranty of the permanence of a government, namely, the pre-eminent public virtue of the governors—which failing, confusion and disastrous changes are inevitable; and the opinion is this, that where the majority of the male population are practically the governors, public virtue as embodied in legislation will certainly fall below the standard of the better classes of the community. When European capitalists lend money to the United States of America, they demand two or three times as much interest as they obtain from England or France, in order to compensate themselves for the greater risk they run in view of the untrustworthiness and uncertain tenure of the debtor. Even Chili, a little republic with a restricted suffrage, can hire money on better terms than the United States.

It is not to be denied that many educated Americans share these doubts, or at least are sometimes visited by horrible qualms of distrust, concerning the uprightness of popular majorities. History is uncomfortable reading on this subject. The bankruptcy of the first French republic, the fate of our own continental currency, the neglect of the French Spoliation Claims, the temporary repudiation of their just debts by several of the States of the Union, the recent payment in paper of the interest upon State loans contracted before the war (a fraud which only Massachusetts and the Pacific States are guiltless of)—these are indeed bad omens.

Under these circumstances, a providential opportunity is vouchsafed to the Republic. The question of paying the five-twenty bonds in coin or in paper is emphatically a question of honor. The word coin is not in the act; the strict legal obligation does not exist. But never was obligation more binding in honor. All the officers of the Treasury and spokesmen for the Government, including the spokesman of Congress on such subjects (the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means) believed and proclaimed that the loan was payable in gold. Such was the universal understanding of all buyers and sellers the country over. No man of honor who has once made himself acquainted with the history of the five-twenty loan can entertain a moment's doubt of the obligation to pay those bonds in coin. Honor never could pronounce more clearly, though the letter of the law fails. Here is a precious opportunity to assert by telling deeds the purity and inflexibility of republican honor. Let the nation insist upon the payment of these bonds in gold, and Lee's surrender was not a greater triumph for the cause of free government. Let the people consent to have their bonds dishonored, and the national disgrace will justly rejoice all enemies, foreign and domestic, of republican institutions.

The Government of the people of the United States, for and by the people, rests upon two broad foundations, constructed with infinite pains, and both essential: the traditions and practices of free government, gradually developed and transmitted from generation to generation through two hundred years, constitute one basis; the other basis is the average character of the people, growing, changing from day to day, inherited in part, and in part moulded by school and church, by public discussion, by the recognized rules of trade, and the reflex action of legislation. To undermine the public character by dishonorable public acts, justified by sophistical and demoralizing argumentation, is to make sure of the fall of the whole superstructure of government.

We do not propose to say a word upon the economic aspects of the subject, although nothing can be more fallacious than the expectation that dollars will be saved by destroying the credit of the Republic. Arguments on this aspect of the subject have their place, but it is a humble one. Questions as to who the bondholders may be, and what they had better do to defend their rights, are all of secondary importance. If all the five-twenty bonds were held by a single Liverpool blockade-running Jew, the honor and the true interest of the Republic would demand their payment in coin just as much as if they had been distributed among the widows and children of our fallen soldiers. To make the question one of dollars chiefly, though they were counted by hundreds of millions, is to belittle it. "Thus Esau despised his birth-right." The vital question is, not whether the country shall save or spend a few millions of dollars more or less, but whether republican honor shall be polluted and shrivelled or purified and braced.

The public conscience would be less corrupted by impudent and defiant robbery of the national creditors than by the cowardly cheating which takes on a cloak of law and honesty. Propositions to force the holders of five-twenty bonds to exchange them for less productive property, are at the bottom as dishonorable as total repudiation of the debt. Promises cannot be kept more or less. A nation's word pledged in honor is either absolutely good or it is rotten. No specious phrases, fair appearances, or ingenious devices can deceive even the present generation, much less history. If the five-twenty bonds are paid in gold, the world will say: "The United States were honest when in great straits, true and honorable when tempted of the devil." If the five-twenty bonds are not paid in gold, the just verdict will be: "The great Republic was a cheat; see what comes of government by the people."

One of the arguments of the advocates of repudiation is so piously base as to deserve special mention; it is really worthy of Rachel and her subtle son Jacob, when they conspired to cheat blind Isaac and absent Esau. These tender guides of the people urge that the present generation has no right to entail upon their children a debt which no letter of law makes binding; that in the veritable interest of the children the fathers ought to take advantage of the absence of a strict legal obligation to pay their just debts. Are, then, the rules of public honor so unlike those of private uprightness? Is a fair name, of nation or individual, really to be weighed in the balance with dollars and cents? A father, who has conducted great enterprises and laid up much goods, dying, summons his numerous and hearty children about him, and thus addresses them: "My children, for love of you I have piously cheated much. I leave you a tarnished name; but you will be consoled. The encumbrances on your vast estates are five or six per cent. smaller than they would have been had I been honest." The free nation of to-day can prepare for its heirs no heritage so precious as an unspotted public honor; with this, all burdens will be bearable; without it, all other inheritances will be little worth.

The payment of the five-twenty bonds in paper promises, dishonored in advance, is not very likely to be made an immediate party issue. There is time for discussion, for consideration and reconsideration. No public question is so important, excepting only the question of keeping faith with the freedmen. The people need to be persuaded that it is not a question of mere money, but a question of national uprightness, whose final answer will either fearfully weaken or greatly solidify the foundations of all republican government. If the public honor proves to be purer and more sacred under monarchical or aristocratic forms of government than it is under republican, then monarchy or aristocracy is actually to be preferred to the republic, and those forms of government will ultimately prevail over the freer; for in the long run the loftier character will dominate the baser among nations as among individuals.

With time on their side, we have confidence in the power of the press, the pulpit, and the honorable men and women of the country to save the national honor. No snap-judgment is going to settle this question. We have not given our sons and brothers to the cause of free government that it should be so soon lost on a question of integrity in money matters. History will not say of the revolution through which the country has been passing since 1860—the Republic saved all, except its honor.

A FEW WORDS WITH THE "THOUGHTFUL TEETOTALLER."

THE "Thoughtful Teetotaler," the gentleman to whom Mr. Wendell Phillips addresses himself in the matter of General Grant's drunkenness, is not a person with whom on ordinary occasions we care to reason or remonstrate. Our object in addressing him now is simply to remind him, and those who arraign public men at his bar, that in enquiring into the truth or falsehood of charges of drunkenness, he must act under the control—we will not say of technical rules of evidence—but of the laws of the human mind, and in accordance with the established canons of induction. General Grant is now before him, brought there by the indefatigable pursuit of Wendell Phillips, and the case against him, as Wendell Phillips makes it out, is this: That there is a report abroad that General Grant has been seen at some period not mentioned, but certainly recent, "drunk in the streets of Washington;" that General Grant has not contradicted this

rumor; and that William E. Dodge and Henry Wilson have not formally declared that they have not heard and do not believe it.

Now, we would warn the Thoughtful Teetotaler against convicting the General on this charge, for two reasons: one is, that General Grant's silence, in spite of Mr. Phillips's challenges to him to speak, is, for reasons the knowledge of which we should prefer, if we could, to confine to General Grant, Mr. Phillips, and ourselves, perfectly reconcilable with the theory of his entire innocence. Not only have charges on various occasions been made against Presidential candidates which they have never denied, and of which they were, nevertheless, entirely and notoriously guiltless, but things have on various occasions been said of public men by Mr. Phillips himself of which Mr. Phillips kept back the proof. Therefore, a rumor about a man may circulate, may be believed and supported by Wendell Phillips, and may meet with no denial from the man himself, and yet the Thoughtful Teetotaler may not be justified in crediting it. Let nobody say that this position of ours indicates hostility on our part to the temperance cause. It rests on the laws of the human mind, which we had no hand in framing and for the working of which we are not responsible. If they trouble either Mr. Phillips or the Thoughtful Teetotaler, let them not throw the blame on us.

We come now to the fact that Mr. William E. Dodge, the president of the National Temperance Association, has been at Washington, and comes back and says not that the rumor aforesaid is not true, or not that he has not heard it, but simply that, as a temperance man, "he is satisfied with General Grant." Now, it may seem at first blush that this has an ugly look for Grant; but from this, also, he, it seems to us, has the means of escaping. To make it fatal for him, it must be shown, first, that Mr. Dodge has heard the rumor; next, that he enquired into its truth; and next, that a law of nature obliges him to communicate in detail the result of his investigations to Mr. Phillips and the public. That there is no such law we infer from the fact that Mr. Dodge has, on various other occasions, passed over rumors which affected both Wendell Phillips and himself unpleasantly without making a public declaration of his sentiments thereupon. Mr. Dodge is, therefore, we conclude, a free agent in dealing with reports about street drunkards. He may speak out his mind about them or he may keep silent. He may satisfy Mr. Phillips or he may not; but if he does not, his neglect or refusal cannot logically conclude third parties. As we have said before, we are not responsible for this position. Favorable as it may appear to the secret consumption of ardent spirits by public men, the seeds of it are to be found in all elementary treatises on the art of reasoning, and not simply in our own brain.

There remains Senator Wilson's manner of dealing with the rumor. He says not that the rumor of drunkenness in the street is untrue, but that he has seen Grant exposed to various temptations, and has never seen him drink or give any signs of having drunk. To this Mr. Phillips replies that the rumor must be true because his (Mr. Phillips's) opinion of Senator Wilson is very bad, and he considers his rise to his present position "an alarming result of democratic institutions." Now, this is doubtless a plausible argument, but we feel bound to warn the Thoughtful Teetotaler that there is a fallacy in it. It proves too much. If it follows from Mr. Phillips's bad opinion of Senator Wilson that a rumor that General Grant has been drunk in the streets is true, the same conclusion may be drawn with regard to anybody whom Mr. Wilson represents as sober, and whom Mr. Phillips considers a drunkard. The argument is this: There is a report that A. has been beastly drunk in the gutter; Henry Wilson, who has an interest in showing A. to be sober, does not deny the report, but says he has seen A. exposed to all kinds of temptations and has never seen him drink any intoxicating liquor; but Wendell Phillips considers Henry Wilson a bad man, and therefore A. must have been drunk in the gutter. There is nobody with whom Mr. Wilson is acquainted whose drunkenness might not be proved in the same way.

This brings us to a point to which we wish to draw the Thoughtful Teetotaler's careful attention. The proof which Mr. Wilson has offered of General Grant's sobriety is the only proof which can be offered of anybody's sobriety. This may seem a startling fact. The proclamation of it may be injurious to the young, but our duty is none the less clear. Out it must come. Human testimony in support of the temperance of any free man must be negative testimony. The only reason we have for believing that anybody has never been drunk in the streets is the strong improbability created by the fact that no trustworthy person has ever seen him in this situation, or that many trustworthy persons who have enjoyed frequent intercourse with him have never seen him drink at all or drink to excess. The only reason, for instance, we have for believing that Mr. Phillips is not frequently carried to bed in a helpless condition is that no credible witness has ever come forward and asserted that he had assisted at such a painful

and humiliating spectacle, and that those who see Mr. Phillips frequently have never seen him indulge in wine, beer, spirits, or cider, bang or opium. No person in the enjoyment of his personal freedom is ever so closely watched that he can produce a person to swear that he has never on any occasion taken more than was good for him. Even the wife of a man's bosom cannot account for all his time night and day, or present more than negative proof that he has never been thrown into a ditch by over-indulgence. Therefore, when Henry Wilson says that he has never seen Grant drunk, though he has seen him frequently amongst drinkers and never seen any signs of drinking about him, he bears as strong testimony to his sobriety as any of Mr. Phillips's friends can bear to his. This is so clear that we trust it will be considered unnecessary to discuss the bearing on Grant's character of Mr. Phillips's poor opinion of Senator Wilson's character.

There is one other matter which the Thoughtful Teetotaler will do well to bear in mind. There is hardly a man of any prominence in public life who has not at one time or other been brought before him for drunkenness. During the next six or eight months, the number of such cases is likely, for obvious reasons, to be largely increased. From this ordeal, too, as we all know from experience, no abstinence, and no constitutional dislike to intoxicating drinks, will save anybody. Men such as General McDowell, who from their boyhood have completely abstained from all kinds of stimulants, even from tea and coffee, are nearly as much exposed to the charge of drunkenness as the teetotaler's *bête noire* the "Moderate Drinker." The reason of this is that the temperance people are now a powerful body in the country, and that a charge of drunkenness is always easy to make; whenever made, is likely to tell, and is, from its very nature, hard to refute. Moreover, it is readily believed, not simply because drunkenness is very common, but because it is a vice against which, inasmuch as it does not at once taint the general character, and is often found in company with great integrity as well as great genius, even good men are not always on their guard, and which the general public, for the same reason, is disposed to look at with indulgence. That it is, however, a great curse to society, and especially—for reasons which we have not the time to discuss here—a curse to American society, and that it is disgustingly prevalent in political and military circles, there is no denying. The result of this prevalence is that the zeal of a good many temperance people has, as is not uncommon in such cases, outrun their discretion, and developed amongst them a kind of monomania about drunkenness, which makes them care less about wounding or injuring the innocent than about bringing the guilty to justice. Many of those, too, who are most diligent in hunting drunkards down and bringing them before the Thoughtful Teetotaler for condemnation, are persons whom either nature or education has entirely unfitted for the examination of evidence of any kind, especially evidence in cases of drunkenness. They are apt to be either philanthropists who have most of their lives avoided drinking circles as they would a witches' feast, or women who have never been in drinking circles at all, and have no more practical acquaintance with the symptoms of drunkenness than with the symptoms of meningitis.

A curious illustration of the way in which their horror of this vice, combined with their ignorance of its phenomena, leads them to spread reports injurious to character, is well told in another column by a correspondent with whose name and reputation for accuracy our readers are very familiar. We publish it as a warning both to the Thoughtful Teetotaler and to the public at large. To the former it may prove especially useful, by suggesting that whatever support the temperance cause derives from the disgrace attaching to drunkenness, is likely to be lost if charges of drunkenness are made so carelessly and indiscriminately, and with so little foundation, that the Moderate Drinker gets into the habit of laughing at them. Whatever helps to make them a subject of derision undoubtedly destroys one of the strongest sanctions of sobriety. But then truth is better than temperance; slander is worse than drunkenness. Whenever a good character ceases to have any value, and the honest or temperate man holds his reputation at the mercy of any reckless reviler or excited enthusiast who chooses to assail it, it will very soon be a matter of indifference to the community what men drink, or how much they drink. After all, it is what comes out of the mouth, and not what goes into it, which defiles a man. The soul of the individual is killed just as readily by untruthfulness as by whiskey, and the soul of a nation, we suspect, more readily. When a people has ceased to respect and cherish private character as the very highest of its possessions, it matters little how many of its citizens pass their nights in the gutter.

We beg to add that we trust we shall not be told in reply to this article that in writing it we "practically place ourselves on the side of the drunkards." This is a euphemistic formula with which some people disguise the

assertion, "You differ from me, and therefore you must have a sneaking tenderness for immorality." We are *not* on the side of the drunkards. We detest drunken politicians just as we detest ignorant ones. Whenever a candidate is accused of drunkenness, and proper evidence is produced in support of the charge, we think he ought to meet it or be cast aside. We think the shameless refusal of the Massachusetts Convention, which nominated Mr. N. P. Banks, to investigate a charge of this sort distinctly made against him, with place, dates, and circumstances, was one of the most discreditable incidents in the history of the Republican party. But the proof ought to be forthcoming before the charge is made. There is a worse offence against morals and government than even drunkenness, and that is availing yourself of a glib tongue, a ready pen, and a thick cuticle to spread rumors damaging to private character which you have no means of proving, and which you have never taken the trouble to investigate, and it is aggravated by the impudent assumption that your victim's silence, or the silence of his friends, supplies you with the needed justification of your assertions.

Correspondence.

THE GENESIS OF A RUMOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

One day in the spring of 1863, Mr. Frederick Knapp and myself were guests of General Grant, at his headquarters, on a steamboat lying at Milliken's Bend, a few miles above Vicksburg. A curtain had been hung in such a way as to give a certain degree of seclusion to the after-part of the main cabin, and when we rose from dinner we were asked to sit with the General behind the screen, where there was a writing table with a pitcher and glasses. The General then told us that he had a few hours before received unfavorable intelligence from General Sherman's expedition up the Sunflower. Inviting our enquiries, and replying to all we thought it proper to make, with an unexpectedly generous freedom and painstaking thoroughness of explanation, he was gradually led into a comprehensive review of the existing conditions of his campaign, which it was easy to see were of the very gravest character. We were impressed as much by the remarkably methodical clearness of the narration as by the simple candor and ingenuousness with which it was given to us who, the day before, had been strangers to him. He took up several hypotheses and suggestions, and analyzed them in such a way as to make prominent the uncertainties and uncontrollable elements which were involved in them, and I could not but think, so musing and quietly reflective was his manner, and yet so exact and well-arranged his expressions, that he was simply repeating a process of "thinking it out," in order to assure himself that he fully comprehended and gave just weight to all the important elements of some grand military problem, the solution of which he was about to undertake.

(The last attempt to attack Vicksburg on the north ended that day, and a few hours after our interview the first step was taken looking toward the approach from the south; but of this no hint was given us, and we only heard of it the next morning.)

All at once he stopped short, and, with an expression of surprise, if not of distress, put his cigar away, rose, and moved his chair aside. A moment before we could not have imagined that there was a woman within many miles of us; but, turning my eyes, I saw one who had just parted the screen, comely, well-dressed, and with the air and manner of a gentlewoman. She had just arrived by a steamboat from Memphis, and came to present General Grant with a memorial or petition. In a few words she made known her purpose, and offered to give in detail certain facts, of which she stated that she was cognizant, bearing upon her object. The General stood listening to her in an attitude of the most deferential attention, his hand still upon his chair, which was half in front of him as he had turned to face her, and slightly nodding his head as an expression of assent at almost every sentence she uttered. When she had completed her statement, he said, speaking very low, and with an appearance of reluctance: "I shall be compelled to consult my medical director, and to obtain a report from him before I can meet your wishes. If agreeable to you, I will ask him to call upon you to-morrow; shall I say at eleven o'clock?" The lady bowed and withdrew; the General took a long breath, resumed his cigar and his seat, said that he was inclined to think her proposition a reasonable and humane one, and then went on with the interrupted review.

A week or two after this, having gone up the river, Mr. Knapp met this lady at a hotel, when, in the course of a conversation, she referred with much sadness to the deplorable habits of General Grant, and the hope-

lessness of success while our army was commanded by a man so unfit to be charged with any grave responsibility. Mr. Knapp replied that he had the best reason for stating that the reports to which she referred were without foundation, and proceeded to give her certain exact information of which he happened to be possessed, which, as far as possible, refuted them. "Unfortunately," said the lady, "I have certain knowledge that they are but too true." She then described her recent interview with General Grant, and it appeared that, from her point of view, the General was engaged in a carouse with one or two boon companions when she came unexpectedly upon him; that he rose to his feet with difficulty, could not stand without staggering, and was obliged to support himself with a chair; that he was evidently conscious that he was in an unfit condition to attend to business, and wanted to put her off till the next day; that his voice was thick, he spoke incoherently, and she was so much shocked that she was obliged to withdraw almost immediately. The next day, being ashamed to see her himself, he sent his doctor to find out what she wanted.

Mr. Knapp then told her that, having been one of the boon companions whom she had observed with the General on that occasion, and that having dined with him and been face to face with him for fully three hours, he not only knew that he was under the influence of no drink stronger than the unqualified mud of the Mississippi, but he could assure her that he had never seen a man who appeared to him more thoroughly sober and clear-headed than General Grant at the moment of her entrance.

Notwithstanding his assurances, the lady repeated that she could not doubt the evidence of her own senses, and I suppose that to this day Mr. Knapp and myself rank, equally with General Grant, in her mind as confirmed drunkards.

This experience is by no means a unique one, and the zealous devotion with which I have often heard both men and women undermining the character of others for temperance on equally slight grounds, has often led me to question if there are not vices in our society more destructive to sound judgment and honest courses than that of habitual overdrinking.

Yours respectfully,
FRED. LAW OLMSTED.

ITALIAN FINANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your issue of 9th April contains an article, entitled the "National Debt of Europe," in which extended references are made to Italy, which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, would tend to depreciate her reputation for national honor and good faith towards her creditors. The publication of an article of this nature, in a journal of the character of your own, so usually well-informed on Italian matters, is calculated to do great injustice to my country as well as to those of my fellow-countrymen here who, like myself, give much attention to the tone of American opinion in regard to the political and financial development of Italy. I therefore hope you will allow me sufficient space in your esteemed paper to correct the errors of the article in question.

Among other remarks not pertinent to the present purpose, you say:

"We are now, however, enabled to state, for the consolation of the repudiators, that it seems likely that Austria and Italy will before long, to use General Butler's elegant phrase, *take all seeming or actual wrong from their debt* by clapping a heavy income tax on the interest paid to the public creditors. We cannot say that either of these powers stands high amongst the nations of the world. . . . Italy, too, has not much to boast of as a nation either in the past or present. It has struggled into independence by foreign aid, and thus far has not shown its ability to hold single-handed against any of its neighbors, and is beset by internal difficulties such as most other countries have taken centuries to overcome, and which it would certainly not reflect any great discredit on Italian statesmen to be foiled by. . . . The thing is a flagrant breach of faith, for the simple reason that its creditors are nearly all foreigners."

I do not propose to take the advantage of your kindness to argue upon the standing of Italy among the nations of the world; nor do I intend to force upon you my opinions as to whether my country has or has not much to boast of in the past or present. It is sufficient to know that she occupies a somewhat prominent place in the great history of human events, and to impartial history we may leave the judgment as to the importance of her position; neither is it becoming in an American citizen to reproach another country for struggling into independence by foreign aid. The United States, to her credit be it said, has never publicly repudiated her obligations to those friends who assisted her in her struggle for independence, nor has the fact of such aid detracted from the honor justly paid to the memory of her own people who were then engaged in the effort to establish what has since proved to be the model government of the world.

That Italy, however, is now beset by internal difficulties, the speedy

overcoming of which is obstructed by this same "foreign aid," it were useless to deny; but, inspired by the spectacle lately exhibited by the people of this country in the suppression of the intensest internal dissensions that ever agitated any nation, I do not despair of the final triumph of liberty in Italy, having confidence that the ability of her statesmen and the patriotism of the people will eventually give her a place among the nations of the world second only to the acknowledged champion of human rights.

My main purpose, however, in now addressing you, is to inform you and the many readers of the *Nation* that the repudiators have no cause for consolation so far as Italy is concerned, for she neither proposes to swindle nor cheat her foreign creditors. *What our Parliament intend doing is to demand of the people of Italy alone a further sacrifice as a proof of their good faith towards their foreign creditors; and this intent may be best expressed by quoting the words of Count Cambray-Digny, the Finance Minister of Italy, at the sitting of Parliament, March 25:*

"It is just and according to law, to apply the income tax to the interest on bonds owned by Italian citizens; but it is not just or according to law to apply it to the interest of bonds which are owned by foreigners, because they are in a situation quite different. Out of 328 millions of lire of interest that we pay, but 28 millions suffer the income tax. By the working of this bill I am confident of augmenting our revenue eight millions."

It is hardly necessary to point out the difference between your version of this matter, as expressed in your journal of April 9, and that of the Finance Minister above quoted; and I am sure, from the previous manifestations of interest taken by you in Italian affairs, you will not hesitate to give place to the correction of an error which has unquestionably arisen from the want of proper information on the subject.

I have the honor, sir, to be your most obedient servant,

GRASSI.

New York, April 10, 1868.

[We spoke, of course, of the Kingdom of Italy. We are not so foolish or ignorant as to assert that the Italians have "nothing to boast of in the past." It still remains to be seen whether Count Cambray-Digny can enforce his views.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

"LIFE in the Argentine Republic in the days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism," is the title of a work by Colonel, and Minister Plenipotentiary, Sarmiento, which will be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. It is translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Mary Mann, who also furnishes a biographical sketch of the author.—A. Roman & Co. announce a new novel, "Aideane," by Laura Preston, and "Going to Jericho; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East," by John F. Swift.—T. B. Peterson & Co. announce a translation of Dumas's "Count of Moret; or, Richelieu and his Rivals;" a translation by W. W. Thomas, Jr., of a Swedish novel, "The Last Athenian," by Victor Rydberg; and a new book, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled "Doubly False."—"Lake George: Its Scenes and Characteristics, with Glimpses of the Olden Time," by B. F. De Costa, is announced by A. D. F. Randolph.—Messrs. Eldridge & Brother, of Philadelphia, have in press a work which will be issued in about a month, entitled "In the School-Room; or, Chapters on the Philosophy of Teaching," by Professor Hart, of the New Jersey State Normal School.

—The Bopp Library, to whose approaching sale we called attention a few weeks since, has been secured for the Cornell University, and will give that young institution, in the department of comparative philology, an advantage over many of our long-established libraries. The Prussian Government acknowledges its lasting indebtedness to the great philologist, and atones in a measure for its want of liberality toward him while living by a pension of five hundred thalers to his widow. It was, in fact, as we are informed, partly his modesty and uncomplaining reticence that caused the seeming injustice of the Government toward him in making insufficient provision for the wants of his declining years. But the scale on which support and encouragement are everywhere in Germany doled out to men of science and literature is shamefully niggardly. It would, we doubt not, astonish and horrify our readers to learn what pittance was paid there to some of the men whose reputations are among the chief glories of their respective states.

—Carl Knortz communicates to the *Michigan Journal* a highly interesting sketch of the life of Father (Friedrich) Baraga, Bishop of Marquette, who died at that place on the 23d of January. This good man and scholar was born June 29, 1797, in the Austrian province of Krain (Carniola), of wealthy

parents. In his ninth year he was sent to the Gymnasium at the ancient city of Laybach, where, besides the classics, he studied also with diligence and remarkable success German, French, and Italian, and cultivated his mother-tongue, the Slavonian, so far as to compose in it. The years 1816-1821 he spent at the University of Vienna, and to gratify his parents made a thorough study of the law; but immediately afterwards he devoted himself to the more congenial study of theology, and on the 21st September, 1828, was elected priest. Earnestly desiring to preach the Gospel to the poor, he did so to two congregations in his native place for seven years, and in this time published his Slavonian writings, which have taken great hold on the people of Krain. In January, 1831, Baraga came to America, and passed the spring of that year in Cincinnati, performing his spiritual functions. As a missionary to the Indians he labored in the Lake regions unceasingly from the date last-mentioned to his death, and is said to have baptized (half-breeds included) about three thousand Ottawa and Ojibway Indians. Before leaving Europe he had divided all his property, save a small annuity, among his relations, and in his new position he thoroughly adapted himself to the Indian mode of life, hardening himself to exposure and dispensing with all luxuries; nor did he make any change in his living when he was appointed Bishop of Marquette and Sault St. Marie. With a single exception, at every station he was a pioneer, and even at La Pointe every trace of the once active Jesuit Mission had disappeared before his arrival. When the copper mines of Upper Michigan were opened in 1844 he made the round of them at great risk to satisfy the religious wants of the miners. Often he would preach in one day in four languages—German, French, English, and the Ojibway; he could speak seven with fluency. Thus his reputation grew immensely in those parts, and he was welcome to the captains of vessels and an object of superstitious reverence to the Indians. The following is a list of his works while among them: 1. *Ananie-Masinaigan*, a prayer-book in the Ojibway language, with an appendix of songs and a catechism. Many editions of this were published, and the work was finally stereotyped. Baraga also published a version of it in the Ottawa dialect, which ran through several editions. 2. *Gagikew-Masinaigan*. Excerpts from the Old and New Testaments, containing chiefly Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and holydays. The last edition was published in Cincinnati (Heman). This too appeared in the Ottawa dialect. 3. *Nanagatawendamowinan*. A complete exposition of Christian doctrine. 4. *Kagige Debeewinam*. "Some Truths," a book of meditations, consisting of short sermons. 5. *A Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the Ojibway Language*. Pp. 576. Published in Detroit by Jabez Fox. 6. *A Dictionary of the Ojibway Language, Explained in English*. This language is spoken by the Chippewa Indians, as also by the Ottawa, Potawatamies, and Algonkins, with but slight differences. For the use of Missionaries, etc. Cincinnati: Jos. E. Heman; 1853; 12mo, pp. vii., 662. Nos. 5 and 6 are the most important works of Baraga, and are a highly valuable contribution to comparative philology. They surpass similar undertakings by English observers in employing the precise scientific notation which the Continental *sagans* are agreed in using for aboriginal languages, in default of which such works as George Gibbs's vocabulary of Californian dialects, the "Chinook" Dictionary, and Schoolcraft's collections lose a great part of their worth. Unfortunately, just as the Smithsonian Institution was preparing to reprint them with the author's revision, he has passed away, having been stricken down at the time of the Baltimore Council in 1866 and having since lingered in great debility till now. The republication, however, will not be given over, but the revision will be confided to Mr. John Chebul, Bayfield, Wisconsin, "well known," as Mr. Knortz states, "as the most thorough living scholar in the Ojibway language."

"Some writers of note," says Mr. John Torrey Morse in his *North American Review* article on "Expatriation and Naturalization," "have interpreted as corresponding to our own the French law relative to the claims of France upon Frenchmen who have become naturalized American citizens. Mr. Morse expresses an opinion adverse to this interpretation. The French law seems to him, he says, to impose a species of penalty on the French subject for having expatriated himself—become a renegade; it takes from him the right to demand the protection of the country of his birth, and remands him for aid and countenance in trouble to the country with which he has chosen to cast in his lot. But while thus taking from him his character as a French citizen, France does not, by the law in question, as Mr. Morse construes it, forego her rights in his case should he ever return to his native country: he is then to be held to all the duties of a French citizen, and even he may think himself lucky if he receives no specific punishment for his act of renunciation. This view of the French law is borne out by a decision just rendered by the Military Tribunal of Bordeaux. A young Frenchman, twenty-seven years of age, left France for this country ten years ago. He made a fortune, became naturalized, and is at the pres-

ent moment, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the head of a large commercial house in New Orleans. On the death of his father he was obliged to make a visit to France for the purpose of settling certain family affairs, and was there arrested as a deserter, having, during his residence in America, been drawn as a conscript. It is not stated whether, at the very time of his having been drawn, he was an American citizen or not. The court gave him the light sentence of imprisonment for six days.

—It is well known, or it may be well learned, if one will diligently peruse the Conservative English reviews of twenty and thirty years ago, that we have never had any real eloquence in this country. How should we?—when in "that travesty of the Imperial Parliament," the Yankee Congress, the fatal custom obtains of elaborately preparing speeches beforehand instead of trusting for manly, flexible eloquence to the inspiration of the occasion—as most of the greatest orators, by the way, have not done at any time. Perhaps it is not very profitable to revive these little recollections. Perhaps it is as well, first as last, to concede cheerfully that we do "possess, in common with us, a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, and a Milton." But perhaps, again, it is not altogether unprofitable to just mention old affairs. Our English friends have not yet wholly made an end of "sitting down on us;" and that truly noble revenge we are taking for the contumeliousness of the Britisher, that Americanizing of him which we are engaged in, is inevitably coming, of course, but it comes a little slowly, and meantime it comforts the natural man to take certain small revenges whenever it happens that he can get at them. We confess it, we feel great delight and triumph whenever we see our British relative "in what Jonathan calls 'a fix.'" But the particular fact which led us to recall the memories of the Monthly and Quarterly Past, as Bulwer would say—himself a speaker of written speeches—is this: Lord Stanley, of the historic Stanleys, from his place "in the greatest deliberative assembly that the world has ever seen," has been delivering, *more Americano*, an elaborate oration which he had written out and learned by heart, quite in the manner of a "member for Buncombe." He came down to the House of Commons ready primed with this reprehensible document, supposing that he knew what Mr. Gladstone would say in regard to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were anything but vague and general, and his speech as far as possible from being violent. So Lord Stanley's reply forcibly reminded Mr. Lowe of those guns in the Bosphorus, built in the wall, which will blow a vessel into the air if it will only get precisely in front of them, but which otherwise hit nothing. Seriously, this affair has been unfortunate for Lord Stanley's reputation, which has declined greatly since Mr. Disraeli has partly had charge of it.

—"At present large towns grow up because of the facilities they offer mankind for a voluntary exchange of service in the form of merchandise; but nearly all the older European towns of importance, from which we have received the fashion of our present street arrangements, were formed either to strengthen or to resist a purpose involving the destruction of life and the plunder of merchandise." These sentences are in the opening part of one of the most readable little treatises in the nature of an official report that we have seen. It is a report presented by the architects to the Commissioners of the new park in Brooklyn. The Commissioners in the outset of their labors felt the necessity of securing better approaches leading from the more thickly populated districts of the city to the park, and called on Messrs. Olmsted, Vaux & Company for suggestions as to the best method of meeting the difficulty. They got by way of answer what may be called a philosophical sketch of the general history of the street from the Middle Ages till now, accompanied by a plan, much more extensive, probably, than they were expecting, for the laying out of the desired roads. The report describes three stages in the history of street arrangements. First, in order of time, were the narrow foot-ways between the ill-ordered houses of walled towns—towns that really were fortresses, and which it was therefore desirable to keep as small as possible. At this period any highways deserving a better name than foot-paths were for purposes of defence. Such, for example, were the comparatively straight and broad roads which in old Paris led across the city, and by which was effected the rapid transfer of reinforcements from one part of the fortifications to another. And towards the close of the first period the powerful began to build strongholds, and later, in more peaceful times, the rich to build villas just outside the cities, and to these the trader, with his pack on his mule's back or his own, brought the few articles of consumption which the owner of the villa or the stronghold needed and did not himself produce. At this same time the poor, who had, so to speak, overflowed the city walls, built their dwellings in the suburbs, and, of course, built them on the plan with which the architecture of cities had made them familiar. In the second stage of road-development, wagons took the place of pack trains, but the streets were not materially enlarged, and

so far from being improved, became much worse. The writers of this report refer to the fact that so late as the time of George the Third bundles of fagots had to be laid in the streets through which his state carriage passed on its way from the palace to Westminster. The foot passenger in any of the capitals of Europe was really in constant danger when he ventured into the filthy, ill-paved, narrow streets. His discomforts in London are immortal in the most readable—except his "Shepherd's Week"—of Gay's poems, "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets." To this period belong the lines of posts set at intervals a little way from the houses to prevent the pedestrian from being crushed, and, we believe, the raised walk in the middle of the way. In the third period traffic demands room for streams of vehicles, and we have the middle walk split into two and carried back with its curbstone to the place of the posts. The report shows how slow and how unnecessarily expensive was the change from the early arrangement of streets to the present, and presents the reasons, drawn from many considerations, for abandoning entirely the old theory of towns and town life, and for henceforth working intelligently in accordance with the new conditions. The essay ought to be scattered broadcast. The American of to-day may be called the greatest builder of towns the world has ever seen—or might be if he would build well; and this report ought to be the cause why future generations should bless the names of hundreds of selectmen between here and California.

—We have just received the first volume, issued since the beginning of the year, of the *Memoirs* put forth by the Linguistic Society of Paris. This is a new society, founded but two or three years ago, but numbering among its fourscore members some whose names are well known all over the world. Its organization presents one peculiar feature. By its constitution, it "admits no communication concerning either the origin of language or the creation of a universal language." Here, it seems to us, is a very odd confusion of two wholly heterogeneous matters under a common condemnation. That an association formed for the historical and scientific study of the varying tongues of men should decline to take any part in the attempt—fairly to be qualified as utopian, if not worse—to supersede them all by a new fabrication, is natural and defensible enough; but what should justify such an association in setting an arbitrary limit to its researches among the past phases of human speech by declaring that it will allow no account to be taken of the earliest phase, is more than we can discover. We wonder with what feelings its president for 1867 conducted its deliberations—M. Renan, whose eloquent and *spirituel* volume, "Of the Origin of Language," has deservedly passed through several editions in France. Must not his face have tingled a little, as if gently slapped by his colleagues, at each meeting? There can be no denying that the origin of language is a perfectly legitimate scientific question, and one which even thrusts itself upon the attention of every profound linguistic student. It is, to be sure, also a greatly contested one; there is a right and fruitful method of approaching it, and there are many wrong ones, resulting in nothing but windy debate; a vast deal of trash and nonsense has been and is written upon it; but this is because it has most often fallen into the hands of men possessing insufficient linguistic knowledge and training—men who were in gross error touching the history and nature of speech. We should, then, expect of a Parisian "Société de Linguistique" that it would do all in its power to remedy this unfortunate condition of affairs by setting an example of discussion on the right basis and in the right spirit. Can it not trust its own members to avoid vain babblings, or itself to put them down if offered? Or since when has it been the way with French men of science to blink important questions for the sake of peace, harmony, and orthodoxy? So Darwinism is a subject which is setting another class of students by the ears, and calling out floods of nonsense from ignorant assailants and presumptuous defenders; but who would not regard the zoological society as stultifying itself which should, by its fundamental law, rigorously exclude from its deliberations the question of the origin of species? The volume of *Memoirs* (containing somewhat less than a hundred closely printed royal octavo pages) is made up of half-a-dozen articles, of high character and value. Two of them are of a more general interest; the first, by the veteran Egger, discusses the present condition of the modern Greek, and points out the inconcinnity and futility of the attempt now making by a certain party to bring it back to conformity with the ancient classical standards, or to convert it from modern Greek into ancient Greek; the other, by Bréal, one of the soundest and most esteemed of the younger philologists of France, treats of the "Progress of Comparative Grammar," and is a careful and suggestive exposition of the errors into which students in this branch are liable to fall. The rest deal with matters of detail in etymology and the comparative study of language.

—We had been thinking that the days were gone when any one would

venture on that line of sarcastic remark, so common once, which kept authors in their proper place by allusions to Grub Street duns and so on. But even the dearest of jokes it is next to impossible to bury, and we find in a recent English publication a revival of the old gibe that so constantly recurs in the literature of a hundred years ago, and the constant recurrence of which has much to do with a disagreeable impression which that literature produces on its readers—a general impression of sordidness and wretchedness, such as the literature of almost no other period produces in anything like the same degree. The joke is not worth repeating. What called it forth was the statement, made at the annual meeting of the corporation known as the Royal Literary Fund, of the number of persons to whom grants were made during the year 1867. There were forty-three in all, of whom what seems an undue number, sixteen, were women. Seven recipients were writers of tales or essays; six were poets; six were classified under the head of historians and biographers; and there were six writers upon science and art; five were writers upon topography and travel; four were writers on classical literature and educational subjects; two were dramatists; and two are described as writers for periodicals—writers of rejected communications, these latter, we suppose; one was a medical writer, one a writer on law, and under the head of Biblical Literature there is also only one. The sums given ranged from ten pounds to a hundred, and some of the recipients were relieved for the tenth time. Most, however, last year received aid for the first time.

—Mr. Joseph Parkes, the collector of Juniana, died almost too soon for complete happiness. "Der Stattholter von Bengalen" is a German drama, just published in print though long on the stage, which deals in an ingenious and amusing manner with the famous anonymous letter writer. In the year 1770, the play informs the audience, the political world of England was thrown into a state of extreme agitation by certain communications that appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, a journal in the hands of a sturdy, independent Briton named Woodfall. Just at the same time the governor-generalship of Bengal was to be filled, and the three prominent candidates for the office were Sir Richard Blunt, betrothed to Junia, niece of the Duke of Grafton; Lord Adolphus Waterford, married to Sarah, sister of the duke; and Sir Philip Francis, beloved by Junia, and also by the improper Lady Waterford, whose husband, Lord Adolphus, was a very feeble-minded specimen of an effete aristocrat and is the comic character of Herr Heinrich Laube's play. It is represented, however, that he wants the governor-generalship, but is justly diffident of his ability to pass the severe oral and written competitive examination which all candidates for that office must be prepared to undergo. For the written examination he provides by hiring Henry Summer, Sir Philip's secretary, to write him an Essay on the True Mode of Governing Bengal. But Henry Summer is in love with Esther Sackville, and desires the success of Sir Philip, who, he hopes, will then take him and Esther to India; so he fills Lord Adolphus's essay with the most nefarious sentiments, sentiments extremely odious to the wise and moderate "Lord William Chatham"—the elder Pitt—who is one of the examiners. The Duke of Grafton is in great indignation on account of the *Advertiser* letters, and in the council-chambers avers that he will surely bring the writer to the gallows. Chatham reminds him, however, that trial by jury is the palladium of British liberty, and that only a judicial tribunal can put the British subject to death. Thereupon the duke calls to himself three gentlemen of the press—Swinney, Shoking, and Sweep—and, promising to give them large sums of money, urges them to the discovery of his libeller. Swinney thinks Sir Philip Francis is probably connected with the attacks, and hopes by the expenditure of a thousand pounds to procure part of the manuscript of the next letter. This he does. But, before he does it, Shoking comes with part of a letter already published in the *Advertiser*. It is seen to be in the handwriting of Lord Adolphus's essay, and that wretched nobleman, threatened with the terrors of the law and with a separation from his wife, the offended duke's sister, finds himself in a bad enough scrape. But now comes Swinney with another bit of manuscript, in quite a new hand. It seems, more certainly than Shoking's, a veritable "Junius," for the duke has it some time before it appears in print, and it appears in print exactly as written. Lady Waterford, however, has got hold of a love-letter written by Henry Summer to Esther, and, seeing that Shoking's manuscript and the billet-doux are in the same hand, she feels sure that this Henry, who has constantly professed entire ignorance of the art of penmanship, is employed by Sir Philip to copy the Junius letters for the printer. She holds her tongue though, intending by-and-by to let Sir Philip know that he is in her power, and to extort his love. Meantime the competitive examination is over. Lord Adolphus has broken down very badly in the oral, Sir Richard Blunt has done but poorly, and Sir Philip, whose love affair has

come to an unfortunate termination, and who has resolved to live for his country alone, has been completely victorious; having not only sketched a noble scheme for the government of Bengal, but thrown in besides a prophecy of our Revolutionary War. Lady Sarah and her passion would doubtless have made much trouble, but the play was not to be a tragedy, and just in the nick of time the Grafton Ministry falls from power, and Sir Philip goes out as governor-general—Warren Hastings and history to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.*

Wise Catholics, we imagine, would be glad to obliterate much of the history of the sixteenth century—not that of the Reformation, but of the attempts to suppress it. What was gained by the burnings and torturings, the assassinations and the massacres instigated or sanctioned by popes and prelates, perpetrated by zealous princes, a fanatical clergy, and an unchained rabble? As a means of re-establishing the shattered supremacy of Rome and restoring the unity of Christendom, these acts were worse than fruitless. Considered simply as defensive measures, they are now seen to have been superfluous. The mere existence of the Church as a religious institution might have been, and was in fact, preserved by other means. Its vitality was greatly strengthened through the effect of the attack it was called upon to repel. But for the Reformation—had Tetzel triumphed and Luther succumbed—the corruption which had given occasion for the schism would have gone on until regeneration would have been impossible. As it was, the Church, roused by its peril, gathered up its waning strength, reformed its discipline, manifested something of its old energy, and thereby gained a new lease of life. Grounded in antiquity, panoplied with logic, interfused with the spirit of many generations of saints, mystics, and martyrs, it proved, and still continues to prove, that, in the power to touch every chord, to satisfy every craving of the religious sentiment, it has no rival. Its only foe is the human understanding—the common enemy of all creeds, more hostile doubtless, yet far less dangerous, to Catholicism than to other forms of belief which offer it a vantage ground and invite its approaches. Rationalism eats into the heart of many religious systems; it only wears away the edges—slowly diminishing the bulk without at all affecting the substance—of Catholicism.

It was, however, natural that the Church, assailed in a period of degeneracy, should have immediate recourse to the weapons which the authority it had so long wielded over governments and nations, as well as individuals, placed at its command. The decree went forth. Princes were to drive back their erring subjects into the fold; erring princes were to be dethroned by their subjects; states that continued faithful were to join in reducing rebellious states to obedience; persecutions, civil discords, universal war, were the agencies through which the world was to be reconverted to the true faith.

Where heresy had broken out only in isolated spots, the simple remedy of exterminating the heretics was generally feasible. In Spain, for example, a slight cauterization sufficed, the patient being recumbent and quiescent, the operators skilful and unflinching, the apparatus and instruments absolutely perfect. But in cases where the application was less timely, a succession of frightful scenes ensued—desperate struggles, treacherous coaxings, wild gashes inflicted by a nerveless hand. Such was especially the state of things in France, where Protestantism did not, as in parts of Germany, seize upon the mass of the community, nor obtain the control of the government, as in England, but where the efforts for its suppression were thwarted by a variety of causes, two, we think, being chief.

One was the legal spirit that swayed the parliaments and the states—those bodies which made France not indeed a constitutional monarchy in the modern sense of the term, but yet a country governed, in the main, by well-established principles and under settled forms of law. The jurists of France had no love of popular liberty and no sympathy with free opinion. They were opposed to toleration, chiefly because an organized Church disconnected from the state seemed to them dangerous to the authority of the state—an *imperium in imperio*. But they were equally jealous, and on the same grounds, of the encroachments of Rome. They were bent upon maintaining the rights of the Gallican Church as independent except in matters of faith, and upon confining the ecclesiastical authority at home within due limits. Hence they refused to accept the Inquisition, or aid of any kind, in enforcing submission—that would have been derogatory to the rights of the crown or subversive of the regular tribunals and forms of procedure.

The other great impediment lay in the activity of the French intellect, which, whatever its deficiencies or its excesses, makes it impossible for the nation to be kept in a state of torpor. Whatever there was of genius in France, instead of soaring into the region of the pure imagination, busied itself with the questions of the day both in their abstract and practical aspects; and hence in all ranks of society there was constant enquiry, discussion, and agitation, often favorable to Protestantism, always adverse to the claims of the Church.

Hampered by these and by many minor difficulties, the Government was unable to keep up a steady prosecution of the work. It acted by fits and starts, was now cruel and now indulgent. After a short season of sanguinary zeal, it relaxed its hand, opened the prison doors, and winked at the violation of its bloody edicts. At length, however, under the guidance of the Guises, it was determined to abandon half-way measures and bring the matter to a swift conclusion. The Huguenots, on their side, saw that the time for patient endurance had passed, that henceforth their only hope lay in armed resistance. They were numerically weak, and they were scattered through all the provinces. But, though generally defeated in the field, they showed such a power of surviving defeat that the Government, gaining little by its victories, gave up the attempt and retraced its steps. Toleration, within certain limits, was conceded, and a general pacification proclaimed.

It was, however, clear that the dominant party were only temporizing, and that the Protestants had no sufficient security for the observance of the treaty. How was security to be obtained? Only by gaining influence in the royal counsels, instilling a new spirit into the government and reversing its policy. The Huguenots had for their leader the best soldier, the ablest statesman, the purest patriot, and, despite his forced rebellion, the most loyal subject in France. With such a guide the country might hope to enter on a new career. With such a servant the young king—whose natural instincts, as far as they pierced through the mists of a diseased constitution and a depraved training, appeared to be noble, and whose choice had hitherto lain between the wily policy of his Italian mother and the violent domination of the Guises—might look forward to a reign distinguished by other triumphs than those of faction.

The policy proposed by Coligny and accepted by Charles was one that appealed to the nation at large. Dispassionate observers had long been of opinion that the contending parties might be reconciled to the extent of living together in peace and ceasing to hate each other as idolaters and unbelievers, if they could be engaged in a common enterprise which would lead them to remember that they were all Frenchmen. What the enterprise should be needed no deliberation. The civil wars had merely suspended the long rivalry with Spain, in which France had been stripped of territories and degraded from its place as the foremost power in Christendom. The moment was most propitious for renewing the struggle. England, which, in the last contest had been the ally of Spain, was now ready to become the ally of France. The Netherlands, which had furnished their Spanish rulers with a base of operations and ample resources, were now ripe for revolt. A league with Elizabeth and the Prince of Orange would ensure the recovery by France of Flanders and Artois, the liberation of the Netherlands at a single blow, the overthrow of Spanish dominion on a foreign soil and of Spanish influence in foreign courts, and—if not as the direct object, yet as a necessary corollary—the triumph of Protestantism in Europe.

The triumph of Protestantism—herein lay the obstacle to the prosecution of such a scheme. The clergy of Paris denounced the war with Spain as, under the circumstances, a crusade in behalf of heresy. The Catholics, Guise and his adherents, had been forced aside, but they waited only for an opportunity to intervene. Yet it is doubtful whether, if the interests of the Church alone had been involved, the plans of its enemies would have come to naught. Purely personal motives have, in many crises of history, a decisive influence. The queen-mother, with principles as pliant as her character was domineering, would apparently have been willing to exert in the interests of the Protestant party that ascendancy over her son which she had hitherto exerted in the interests of the Catholic party. But she soon perceived that Coligny was seeking not to use, but to undermine her influence. His aims and her agency were in truth irreconcilable. If his power were firmly established she must become a nullity. He was, therefore, in her eyes no longer the mere chief of one of those factions which she had skilfully balanced, but a rival who must be removed, an enemy who must be destroyed. For matters had advanced so fast and so far that no common means, no mere intrigue, would avail to arrest them. A sudden, desperate, foul, and bloody stroke could alone save the game.

* The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By Henry White. London: Murray; New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.

Meanwhile, a declaration of war against Spain was fully expected by the world. French volunteers had been allowed to join the standard of Orange. Louis of Nassau had been received at the French court, and had carried away written assurances of support. A special envoy had been sent to engage the co-operation of England, and when the wary Elizabeth demanded additional proofs of the king's sincerity, she was told that, within a few days, she would have ample reason to be satisfied. The marriage of the Huguenot King of Navarre with Margaret of Valois, celebrated without a Papal dispensation, afforded as strong a pledge as could well have been exacted of his intention to inaugurate a new policy. Alva, Philip, the Pope, were in despair.

Instead of the expected event, what took place, without notice or previous indication, was the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew—the slaughter, under the royal orders, of the Huguenots in Paris and in the provinces, to the number, on a moderate computation, of twenty thousand. The suddenness of the act, its atrocity, and its perfidy, not only astounded but bewildered mankind. The monstrosity was almost forgotten in the mystery that enshrouded it. It became one of the puzzles of history.

Yet the puzzle was mainly one of history's own making. The situation and the characters being known, there was nothing that needed to seem inexplicable. But though the deed was notorious and the actors stood revealed, there was little evidence as to how, when, and by whom the plan had been arranged. There was therefore a field for the imagination to work in. Protestants believed, and there were Catholics who boasted, that the plot had been contrived months, and even years, before it was put in practice; that the king had been a party to it from the first; that the Pope and the King of Spain had been privy to it, had been, indeed, the first to suggest it; that every step taken by the government in the pretended conciliation had been merely a lure; that the pacification had been made in order to disarm the Huguenots, the pretended change of policy to lull them into a false security, and the marriage of the King of Navarre to ensnare them. Gradually, however, this theory has been dropped by both parties—by Catholics, because it heightened the guilt of the transaction; by Protestants, as discreditable to the intelligence of the chief victims. Impartial criticism has shown that it rests on no sufficient proofs, and that the theory which is intrinsically the more probable is also the most accordant with all the well ascertained facts.

In two Venetian *relazioni*, which are among the authorities for the story, we find the two opposite views presented. Contarini, who was the resident envoy at the French court, rejects the notion of a long-prepared plot. He considers such a stupendous piece of *prudenza* as incredible; thinks that, if a trap had been laid, Coligny was too sagacious to have entered it, and adduces as proof of the absence of deliberation beforehand the subsequent irresolution of the government, and its failure to proceed to a complete consummation. On the other hand, Micheli, who arrived in Paris on a special embassy shortly before the massacre, asserts his belief, founded on information derived from the persons most nearly concerned, that every movement had been preconcerted, as already described. He states that this was openly declared by the queen-mother, who appealed to the Papal nuncio, Salviati, to say whether she had not given him a previous intimation of what was intended. At the first blush this seems strong evidence. It is to be noted, however, that Contarini himself had at first, as he mentioned in his relation, made the same report, and that, if he afterwards changed his opinion, it must have been because he had seen reason for rejecting statements to which he had previously attached weight. Moreover, this evidence, like all the rest that has been adduced, exhibits merely declarations made after the event. These declarations all centre round that of Catharine herself. It was quite in the character of that wretched woman to have assumed a deeper infamy than really belonged to her. Having, apparently, no conscience of her own to guide her, she judged her acts simply as she saw them judged by the world. At first she attempted to disown the responsibility. When she found the deed applauded by the Papal court and Catholic princes, she was eager to claim all the merit which they were ready to assign her. She buried the personal motives which had really swayed her, and gave out that she had acted as the agent and champion of the Church.

Having sketched the outlines of the subject, and indicated the debatable questions connected with it, we can the more easily convey to the reader our estimate of Mr. White's treatment of it. His narrative of the details is a very readable one. His materials are copious; the matter is well arranged; the story is carried on without circumlocutions or digressions; and the style, though never forcible, and often vapid, is always a faithful reflection of the sense, not a straining of language to cover the want of sense. It is obvious, however, that the subject required for its due presentment far higher qualities than these—the power to exhibit men of stormy

passions and subtle intellects contending for great prizes and important principles; the skill to penetrate hidden motives, to unravel the skeins of intrigue, and to trace the broader current of general causes; the art to delineate in fitting colors some of the most graphic scenes which the pencil of the historian has ever touched. In all these respects Mr. White seems to us very deficient. His descriptions are tame; his comments and reflections are puerile; his portraiture is feeble in the extreme. He condemns the Huguenots for having taken up arms in self defence, because they had always professed the doctrine of passive obedience. They should, it seems, have allowed themselves to be slaughtered for the sake of being consistent. Mr. White occasionally speaks of the duplicity and deceitfulness of Catharine and the Guises; but the best proof he exhibits of their powers in this respect is his own readiness in becoming their victim. When they are most artful he is most credulous. Thus, he treats the conference at Poissy not as a scheme for dividing the Calvinists and Lutherans, but as a serious effort to reconcile both with the Church of Rome; and when the Cardinal of Lorraine declares emphatically that his own views on the Eucharist are in full accordance with those of Beza, we are not invited to admire the histrionic fervor so characteristic of the speakers. In short, character is, with Mr. White, no index to acts. It is a shifting attribute that varies with the circumstances. Alva, yet "unstained with blood," was simply "a statesman possessing great capacity." As a general his capacity appears to have been doubtful, for we are told that, "as viceroy of Naples, he foiled all the efforts of the Duke of Guise to recover the throne of that country for France," and that he "afterward waged a fruitless war in Italy against Francis of Guise and the Pope." As there was only one war in Italy in which Alva and Guise encountered each other, we must consider the two remarks as conflicting judgments of the result.

In his preface Mr. White speaks somewhat elaborately of explorations among unpublished sources, especially in the provincial archives of France. But there is nothing in the body of his book to justify the expectations thus raised. He has collected more details and cited a greater number of authorities than any former writer; and the additions thus made are not only creditable to his industry, but valuable as contributions to our knowledge of the period. But he has not brought to light any manuscript documents; he has given no fresh evidence in regard to the transactions, their causes or consequences; and he has presented no striking or original views. We do not reproach him for this. The views which he has adopted were formed by able critics, and we do not think they are likely to be shaken by the researches of keener investigators. There is, however, one point on which we could have wished for some elucidation. The common accounts of what took place in the royal cabinet when the massacre was determined upon, of the arts by which Catharine stifled the sentiments of honor and humanity in the breast of her son, are derived from a narrative known as the Duke of Anjou's. Ranke has denied the authenticity of this document, but without fulfilling his promise to give the grounds of his opinion. The question probably might be settled by a careful scrutiny. Mr. White has not discussed it. Perhaps he has done as well in refraining.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

THE opening article of the April *North American* is Dr. Dalton's essay on the "Metropolitan Board of Health." Though not particularly attractive, perhaps, it is useful, occupying as it does a middle place between literature and the official reports, the substance of which it puts before the general reader better than he could himself; if indeed he were likely to try. And the importance of doing this will not be gainsaid. For the life of our Board of Health depends on the intelligence and good-will of the Legislature; and it is not too much to say that the next year's lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of our fellow-citizens depend on the continued existence of the board. One reflects with gratitude on what has already been done, though much remains to be done, for the people who live in the eighteen or nineteen thousand "tenement houses" of New York, of which you may almost say that living in them men can practise no virtue but fortitude, and that they are cut off from almost every comfort and decency of life; that they are the dens which have succeeded in making republican government in this city a bad failure.

The second essay is by Mr. Norton, and is entitled "The Church and Religion." Mr. Norton begins by asserting the historical fact that, of the two main principles in religious affairs, the principle of authority and the principle of liberty, the latter is gaining ground. And this although the other

was never more ardently and uncompromisingly asserted than now, when the Church of authority, the Romanist, fairly, in the Papal Encyclical of 1864, flings defiance at the enlightenment of the age; and he points it out as a fact that not only the Romanist but the Protestant also requires the submission of the intellect to an authority pronounced infallible. Without going into any argument as to the existence of an infallible teacher—with an infallibility resting for proof on fallibility—but accepting as axiomatic the proposition that the individual will should be free of external dominion in religious as in secular thought, Mr. Norton goes on to pronounce the Church of the present an anachronism, which fails to perform the functions which the supernatural theory allots to it, and which fails as obviously in the natural order. This part of his essay relates not at all to the Roman Catholic Church, between which and the essayist there is the apparently widest gulf while he speaks of the two main currents in religious affairs, but rather is a sharp criticism on the modes of worship and the character and services of clergymen of the various Protestant denominations. Then follows, what will be of less popular interest and is rather vague, an answer to the question, How is the Church of the future to be made in fact what it is in idea—namely, “the natural instrument for securing those ends to the pursuit of which individuals in society are directed by the religious sentiment;” how is it to become what it is not now, the complete expression of that moral order which underlies the political? An answer, we said; but an answer is not given, for the process of the change is not to be determined beforehand. The essay concludes with a general statement of the ends which the Church of the future will have in view, and declares that already such a church is potentially in existence wherever men, having discarded the notion of true religion as something external, to be got by special experience, as a system of dogmas to be accepted and forms to be regarded, have arrived at the conception of religion as absolute, utter devotion to whatever each knows and feels to be best.

Mr. Emerson contributes an article on “Quotation and Originality.” It consists of chat about the indebtedness of all of us in general to all the rest of us, and in particular about special debts of certain famous writers to other writers. It might be extended indefinitely, in depth and length; but, as it stands, will be found a very agreeable essay of the talkative kind. There is readable matter also in Professor Evans’s article on “Pompeii,” in which, among some things not fresh, there are several interesting pages on the inscriptions that may be read on the walls of Pompeian houses. On the whole, it would be not easy to find anywhere else, within the same compass, an equally full and accurate account of the burial of the city and of the excavations. The sketch of the bibliography of the subject is comprehensive. There is nowhere in English, so far as we know, anything like a tolerable paper on the general subject of the exhumations to which we owe so great a number of all extant works of ancient art. Professor Evans would be doing good service if he would take it up, and do for it what he intended to do, and partly has done, for the Pompeian excavations.

Mr. Lowell’s “Shakespeare Once More,” excellent for instruction and entertainment throughout, as well in its minutiae as in its more general criticisms, is especially good in its examination of the character of Hamlet. The reader of Shakespearean criticism may very likely feel when he has finished the essay as if he knew before all that there is in it; there is no display of over-ingeniousness seeking new views of Hamlet’s nature; the view accepted by the most judicious, indeed accepted by most critics, is the one held by Mr. Lowell. But he brings out with a fullness not elsewhere matched, we think, every shade of the wonderful picture; he fills out, as only a learned and sympathetic touch could, the outline drawn correctly by others. The effect on the reader is as if he saw, by means of a powerful glass, every feature of the face which he had previously been seeing only dimly.

Mr. Adams completes the presentation, begun in the January *North American*, of his views in regard to the decline of Boston. He is convinced that it may yet be saved, and he tells how, as it seems to him, the thing may be done. It all looks to us very reasonable; unless foreign fields of enterprise have drawn off all the best business blood of Boston—and we should say that the man saying so would have to account for Mr. Adams’s residence there before he could be held to have made out his case—it would seem as if the city had seen its worst days.

The other articles in this number are by Mr. F. B. Sanborn (“Poor Laws of New England”); Mr. Raphael Pumpelly (“Western Policy in China”); Mr. J. E. Cabot (“Hegel”); Mr. J. T. Morse (“Expatriation and Naturalization”); and Mr. Norton addresses a brief parting word—kind as parting words may rightly be—to Mr. Dickens.

Professor Whitney, after some remarks, characterized by his accustomed lucidity of statement and lightened by the agreeable subacidity of his sar-

casm, on the Vedic literature in general, proceeds to a brief examination of the controversy, now pretty much at an end, between the opponents and the champions of the theory, that in order to the fullest understanding of the Vedas that is possible for the western student, it is only necessary for him to seat himself in docility at the feet of the Oriental commentators. Professor Whitney ranges himself among the disbelievers in this doctrine, giving what seem conclusive reasons against it.

Mr. Pumpelly, who has studied the subject on the spot, gives an account that will be welcomed of the position now held by the western nations in China. That the representatives in China of the United States and the European Powers should be able and willing to keep their fellow-countrymen in order, should restrain the tendency now too common among them to resort to violent and dishonest courses in their dealings with the Chinese people, this seems to be the duty of the moment. It is a duty our due fulfillment of which seems to promise immediate and large rewards. The article is of such a kind that it has especial value for journalists.

Mr. Cabot’s “Hegel” we have not yet read with the attention which it apparently deserves. Mr. Sanborn’s well-known acquaintance with his subject is a guarantee that his advice in regard to the management of the pauper class is worth the attention of every one whose duty or inclination it is to investigate the matter. One never fails to get from his papers a fair and full exhibition of the facts and clear conclusions from them orderly arranged. Mr. Morse’s essay we read easily and with profit, as a layman doubting nothing his correctness. In another place we give a fact, occurring since his essay was written, which confirms his judgment on a disputed point. We advise Mr. Banks, if he ever does any reading, to look into “Expatriation and Naturalization” before drafting any more bills for the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

In the “Critical Notices” only thirteen books are reviewed. But the last quarter has been a dull one in the book market. And of the thirteen reviews most are careful and valuable. Altogether we have found this number of the *North American* more than usually good reading, and usually we find it better, we should say, than any other quarterly.

The Chimney Corner. By Christopher Crowfield. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.)—Mrs. Stowe brings to the discussion of social questions a great deal of practical good sense and good temper; her chair of philosophy stands in its proper place, we think, when it stands in the chimney corner. But we should say that, as a matter of taste, she has made a mistake in putting a male professor in it. Such men as Christopher Crowfield, when they do occasionally make their appearance in real life, are apt to receive a title somewhat less complimentary than that of philosopher, and are certainly the men whom women most instinctively abhor. Not in New England any more than in other regions where social philosophy is cultivated does the male moralizer habitually take his observations of life through the kitchen window, or preach persistently the ethics of cupboard and pantry.

From the internal evidence afforded by these papers, we infer that they have caused considerable discussion among the readers of the *Atlantic*. Essay writers do not, we presume, talk much about the letters they receive—without some good reason; and we conclude that Mrs. Stowe has interested her public and supplied a real need—which is a very sufficient reason why her papers should have been written. The need was not, we should say, a literary one, and the response to it hardly comes under the head of literature. Bound up with Miss Mulock’s and Mrs. Ellis’s advice to mothers and daughters and housekeepers, it would be a suitable present for young brides who might be supposed to be entering on their new duties with inadequate preparation.

Mrs. Stowe’s idea of the functions and sphere of woman is hardly ours—to perform the works laid down by Iago as the duty of the “true woman,” and to perform them in a neat and utilitarian Yankee fashion, is about the scope of her advice. She discusses the woman question at length and under various aspects, but by whatever road she travels she reaches in the end one constant bourne. The delights of a well-kept house, the lively comfort of seeing one’s face reflected in a series of well-scoured pans—this or some, thing essentially like this forms the endless refrain of her song. She seems to share, in part at least, and in larger part than altogether pleases us, Dr. Allen’s belief, that girls’ brains are cultivated at the expense of their muscles; like him, also, she apparently believes in the total depravity of the French woman, and deduces thence the conclusion that to follow her fashions is to court contagion. She believes that women ought to vote—in order to ensure clean streets. She has not, however, as much faith in the ballot as a means of elevating her sex as in domestic service. She recom-

mends the thousands of half-starving American seamstresses and shop-girls to seek employment as servants "in good families," as a training for their own future family life. The suggestion, if it were at all likely to be followed, if spirited women could be got to put themselves under the rule of their own sex, would be a good one, as affording a remedy in some important respects for the condition of our native women, and at the same time leaving the woman question to the small moralists, whose sympathies, if they are not bounded by geographical lines, would then be left to flow freely in the direction of the superseded Bridget.

The Crowfield philosophy has a good deal to recommend it, and when preached in Mrs. Stowe's good-humored and sensible manner is not disagreeable. It puts things, however, on a culinary basis, which in time dissatisfies to some extent even those people who accept with due meekness the service of the cooking-range and clothes basket. One may be permitted, after studying life in this chimney corner, to turn, not without a feeling of relief, to Thoreau's counter-irritant Walden housekeeping, and sympathize with him in his rejection of the foot-mat because it would waste precious time to shake it; to pick up Montaigne and perhaps find his easy contempt for woman healthier than the feeling which enthrones her as the goddess of the kitchen and the sitting-room, the highly cultivated nymph of the innocent greenhouse. Good dinners, well-ordered households, neat and appropriate toilets, fireside chats about dress and politics and patriotism—all of them of the housekeeping order—are good things; there is no doubt of it; we have no wish to depreciate them. But we have no wish to see the work of exalting them—a work decidedly of supererogation—performed by a clever woman.

One does not, after all, believe that the pursuit of material comfort is the highest end of life, and that men best fulfil their destinies in becoming good providers, and women theirs in performing the duties of good housekeepers. These things are not ends, but means. It is very well to train girls in the manner recommended by Mrs. Stowe—to make bread-making, plain sewing, and household economy a part of their school education, for every woman is better equipped for life in understanding these things. But if it were possible to train them at the same time so that they could read intelligently and lay to heart the lesson taught in such essays as Emerson's on Self-Reliance, or Stuart Mill's on Liberty, it seems to us that the housekeeping would by no means suffer, although it might cease to be regarded as the chief end for which God made women. If, on the other hand, they are taught that the first question to be considered in their case is that of sex, and then the special duties entailed by it, their education is begun in the middle, and ends only in making them suitable companions for the men who believe that they on their part were born to watch rising and falling stocks.

The fact of personality comes before the fact of sex. Its total neglect leaves both men and women in the condition of more or less well-fed and well-cared-for animals; its partial neglect leaves men and women the needlessly incomplete beings we see. One's first duty is to one's self, even when one happens to be a woman; and, absorbing and necessary as is the question of work, it may be doubted whether the natural order of things is not precisely reversed when work is assumed to be the object of growth. There would be no fault to find with philosophers who discuss merely practical affairs—charities and politics, the dress question, the suffrage question, the woman question—if they recognized the fact that they discuss only the grammar of life, and seldom, or never, offer any useful hints as to its worth and significance.

Mozart. A Biographical Romance. From the German of Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.)—This book belongs to a class whose usefulness we consider somewhat problematical—the kind of small historical novel of which Mrs. Clara Mundt has furnished so many examples; the idea of which seems to be to import into the pages of a story some well-known personage, to detail with sufficient accuracy the prominent events of his life, and to press imagination into the service of inventing minor ones, of describing his love affairs with more or less warmth of color, and of furnishing an occasional flow of "fine writing" to the extent supposed to be necessary to show enthusiasm on the part of the writer, and to produce it on that of the reader. The plan appears, on the outside, to be a promising one, and we do not wonder that it is so frequently adopted by people who have a vague, general desire to write without having anything particular to say—people who are in much the same predicament with those of whom Thoreau complained that they wanted to be good without being good for anything. We suspect, however, that to the production of a genuinely good historical novel there must needs go even more imagination than to one made, as the saying is, "out of whole cloth." The plot, it is

true, is ready to one's hand, and so are the characters, but they are inexorable and admit of no tampering; and the question how to adjust them to each other without patchwork and botching must be a serious one.

With this particular novel we have no especial fault to find beyond that which is to be found in general with the class to which it belongs—that there seems to be no necessity for its existence. Mr. Rau adheres with a good deal of accuracy to the facts of Mozart's life—we judge so, at least, from the numberless foot-notes which say "historical," "this is a fact," "his very words," "see Jahn," etc. We should say, however, that his book would be absolutely worthless to the intelligent enthusiast in music, to whom the bare facts, without embellishment, would be sufficiently suggestive; and almost as much so to those who, being unversed in what Mr. Rau calls the "tone art," care more in a novel for its literary excellence and its general truth to nature than for any special adherence to the facts of a particular case. The book is not enthusiastic enough to excite enthusiasm. Perhaps some of our readers may remember "Charles Auchester," Miss Elizabeth Sheppard's historico-musical, or, rather, biographico-musical novel, and be able to recall how, without knowing even their musical a b c's, they were ready to say with Disraeli, "If it were not for music, we might in these days say, 'The Beautiful is dead'"—and to feel that to be a Jew and a musician was to have drawn the highest prizes of life. The perusal of "Mozart" will not renew that pleasing experience. Miss Sheppard understood the requirements of a romance better than Mr. Rau. Very probably, however, Mr. Rau's enthusiasm was held in check by the fact that he contemplated selecting other composers as themes for future romances—which shows what may be some of the incidental disadvantages of writing historical novels.

The Lost Galleon, and other Tales. By Fr. Bret Harte. (San Francisco: Towne & Bacon. 1867.)—Perhaps by itself this book would not give one so distinct an impression of Mr. Harte as is given by his volume of parodies on popular novels, but it confirms the pleasant impression which one gets from that agreeable little book. In his serious pieces, which are all patriotic, Mr. Harte does not shine, though he is always the man of sense and of considerable delicacy of taste, and shows to advantage beside the mass of his rivals, wholly evading one, and escaping unruined from the other of the two besetting dangers of patriotic poetry—which is pretty sure to be not poetry at all, and which is apt to make one sincerely hate his native land. In the most successful of the serious pieces, however, there is at least a touch of the comic; "How are you Sanitary?" we call the most successful. And it is in the pieces purely comic that we find Mr. Harte at his best. He is then exercising the special faculty in which he excels, probably, a very large majority of all the human beings now in existence; whereas in the production of more than passable little sentimental matters, many thousands of his contemporaneous fellow-denizens of earth are as good as he, and some thousands, we dare say, are better. So that it seems as if he would do best for himself and his readers if he would forswear unmingled sentiment and make satire and fun his mainstay. His comic verses, some of them, are labored, as if done at short notice for the newspapers; and some of them, as "The Lost Galleon," are labored and apparently have not the excuse of short notice; and some of them depend for their effect on nothing more humorous than a parody of the obvious characteristics of Poe or some other grave writer; and almost none of them is filled full of fun. But most are funny in places; as witness this, which is from some remarks on Alaska:

"Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware."

And we laughed at the idea of calling a pony's tail its "back-hair." "The Pliocene Skull" we liked also. It relates to the skull which was found two miles from Angel's, in Calaveras county, California, at a depth of one hundred and fifty-two feet below the surface of the earth. The newspaper savans of California promptly decided that man must have existed in that State years before the mastodon was created. But after a long address, in a highly scientific strain, delivered by Mr. Harte, the skull explains as follows, using the mining dialect of the present century:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras county."

Les Salons de Paris et la Société Parisienne sous Napoléon III. By the Vte. de Beaumont-Vassy. (Paris. 1863. New York: F. W. Christern.)—The author of "Une Marquise d'Autrefois" and other novels, of the "Histoire de Suède depuis Charles XII.," "Histoire de mon temps" and other histories, of "Les Salons de Paris sous Louis Philippe" and similar sketches, the Vte. de Beaumont-Vassy, is little known beyond the limits of his native

country; but he deserves to be better known—not as a writer, for his talents are not of a high order, and even his *esprit* has a rather scanty flow; nor as a historical scholar, for few French works on modern history are less remarkable for geniality or impartial study than his; but as a representative man of the order of political knights errant who have surrendered their wit and their conscience to the cause of the man of December. The individuals of the higher class of that order—the Mornys, the Edgar Neys, and the like—write little, or only as diplomatists, and must therefore be studied in their own spheres of activity; the journalists like Granier de Cassagnac would require of their student the sacrifice of daily tracking them along the tortuous and repulsive path of political jugglery. De Beaumont-Vassy gives himself entire and *en négligé*, in a pleasant little book of personal recollections concerning men and things Napoleonic, in a sketch which vividly displays the mongrel characteristics of the aristocratic-servile, ultramontane-infidel, cynico-epicurean livery-bearers of the French *Bas-Empire*.

An aristocrat by birth, a writer by profession, a meddler in politics and diplomacy from inclination, a reactionary conspirator from hatred of democracy, a Bonapartist in spite of Legitimist professions and Orleanistic proclivities, out of office, our author bidding adieu to exacting and poorly-paying Clio, has finally devoted himself to writing on the attractive theme of "Parisian Salons"—that is to say, to writing books under that title. The title, however, is a deceptive one, as if everything Neo-Napoleonic seems to be bound to begin, as well as to end, in deception. There are in the book before us a few scattered pages on Parisian salons, and a few scattered passages on Parisian society, but the bulk of it is devoted to semi-historical sketches of political situations and events preceding the re-establishment of the empire "sous Napoléon III.;" to Jenkins-like narratives of imperial journeys, royal visits, and public festive scenes; to dutiful adulation lavishly bestowed on the *deus ex machina* who saved France from the abyss into which the Marrasts, Ledru-Rollins, and Louis Blancs, the Blanquis, Raspails, and Barbés had plunged it; on the *diva* Kirkpatrick, Teba-Montijo, whom the new French Soter chose for his partner on the throne; and on the demi-gods and demi-goddesses and heroes and heroines of the new Augustan era.

In this new era, to judge with our author, none has shone brighter, perhaps, than the Count, then Duke, de Morny, "type particulier de gentilhomme financier qui n'existait pas autrefois, mais que les mœurs actuelles expliquent malheureusement de nos jours." This sad remark seems to come from the very depths of the vicomte's heart, who, in spite of all the splendor and all the blessings of the new golden, or rather paper-money era, cannot refrain occasionally from sighing for the past—when people still knew the art of dancing—from making reflections on some dangerous habits of the present, such as "le luxe," or from looking with strange forebodings into the future. In the very conclusion of the book, after speaking of his own salon and convivial receptions, and while exhorting his friends, in the tone of a Mæcenas and in the words of Horace—characters, by the by, like Agrippa and Virgil, entirely wanting at the new Augustan court—not to forget that time flies away rapidly, he exclaims: "Let us crown ourselves with flowers, string our lyres, and . . . with firmness await the barbarians!" The men of Napoleonic "salons" are evidently still haunted by the "spectre rouge" which they pretended to have laid on December 2, or rather, December 4, 1851, and from their festal couches they again and again seem to cast a troubled glance towards the wall, as if looking for a handwriting to appear on it. The very recollection of that bloody Fourth of December seems to be painful to them; or rather, they would like to make others forget it; there is not an allusion to it in this book, though it devotes scores of pages to the narration of scenes and events of the preceding days, narratives to which the personal experiences of the author, his

acquaintance with Napoleon, and more intimate connections with some of the minor actors, lend some particular interest. Altogether, as a partial history of that period—partial in a double sense—the vicomte's new book is not devoid of information for readers otherwise familiar with the history of the second French republic and empire.

Das Leben Moses. Von Dr. Hermann Reckendorf. (Leipzig: Gerhard. 1868.)—A work dedicated to all thinking friends of the Bible, *allen denkenden Bibelfreunden*, and designed to portray the life of the Hebrew lawgiver in the light of modern historical criticism. The biographer claims for his hero no supernatural character, represents him not as a god-man (*Gott-mensch*), but as a man of God (*Gottesmann*), and is well content that all the miracles recorded of him should be either explained on scientific principles or relegated to the limbo of myths. To have accomplished the sublime work of religious and political organization which he effected, and to have elaborated principles of ethics and of law which have entered into the codes of all subsequent nations and been regarded by most of them as divine, Herr Reckendorf thinks, is sufficiently miraculous, and will be recognized as such even by those who have gone farthest in *Verneinen aller Wunderwesen*—in denying the existence of everything miraculous. It is a maxim of the Talmud nearly two thousand years old, that "he who interprets the Scripture literally, is a liar and a blasphemer." Our author claims the right and duty of illimitable and untrammelled research, and generally exercises it with great freedom; the Jew, he says, in entering upon a work like this, must leave bibliolatry behind him. But we can hardly reconcile with this declaration the assertion which meets us at the very outset (p. 7), that Mosaism believes itself to be not only a revelation, but also the *only* revelation, denying all genuineness to subsequent pretensions of a like kind. The two chief foes of Judaism, he affirms, are heathenism and the later revealed religions which acknowledge the historical Moses, but declare his law abrogated. We commend the little volume to our readers, not because we accept its doctrine, but on account of the freshness and suggestiveness with which it treats a very old and rather juiceless subject.

La Conscience et La Foi. (Paris: Baillière. 1867.)—We have here a religious treatise written with that clearness of thought and style and that sweetness of temper which characterize everything that comes from the pen of Athanase Coquerel *fil.* It would be out of the province of literary journalism to discuss the ideas put forth in this book, and we limit ourselves to a simple statement of its contents: Conscience and God; Conscience and Human Life; Conscience and the Holy Scriptures; Conscience and Jesus Christ; Conscience and the Church, are the themes which the author discourses upon.

Kitty's Class Day. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Boston: Loring.)—Loring's Tales of the Day include "A Week in a French Country House," by Madame Sartoris; Miss Thackeray's "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood;" "Jack the Giant-Killer," and so on, and seem to be a good series of rather better than ordinary light reading. The present issue is a gracefully-told story by Miss Alcott, which relates the mishaps which befell a little girl on Harvard College Class Day in consequence of her neglecting to sew the facing on her dress, and trusting, instead, to basting-threads and pins. The results of her negligence were hardly so serious as they should have been made in the interests of sound morality, since, by means of her small troubles, she discovered the general good-for-nothingness of the youth with whom she fancied herself about to fall in love, and surrendered her heart, instead, before class day was over, to a much more satisfactory person; which seems as if Kitty were rather to be congratulated on her laziness.

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Invite attention to the following notices of their Goods lately exhibited

IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION,

For which they received the only award ever made by a foreign country to American Manufacturers of Silver Ware.

From the *London Art Journal*, November, 1867.
"This page contains engravings of three Tea Services, and other objects in silver, manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of New York. They are all designed and executed by American artists, and are not surpassed by any articles of the kind in the Exhibition. The designs are of the best order, introducing neither too much nor too little ornament, while they all bear evidence of good workmanship. The establishment of Messrs. Tiffany is the largest in the New World; it is of great importance, therefore, that they should minister to pure taste in America; they are doing so, if we may judge from their contribution. Our only regret is that they have not sent more; it is, however, something to show what America is producing and estimating. These 'exhibits' hold their own beside the best of England and France."

From the "Reports of Artisans selected by a Committee appointed by the Council of the British Society of Arts to visit the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867." (Page 171.)

"Tiffany & Co., of New York, have but a very small case of silver goods, but the articles exhibited are of a very superior class. The coffee-services and water-jugs ornamented in flat chasing are very beautiful, both in outline and workmanship; some of the articles are nearly, if not quite, equal to *repoussé*."

Id. (Page 208.) "On Design."
"Tiffany & Co. show a few excellent tea-sets, etc., both as to form and decoration; the flat chasing described in the catalogue as *repoussé* being especially noteworthy. It is carried out to the fullest extent. Nothing equal to it in either the French or English departments."

"One of the pieces has a band of chasing—griffins and foliage; the drawing exceedingly good. Altogether they are lessons in the art of decorating utility."

Id. (Page 208.) "Remarks."
"The United States show of silver work is very limited. Although they cannot boast of quantity, they may fairly boast of quality. The forms of the various articles exhibited are well considered. While the decorations are beautifully designed and carried out with patient care, the judgment with which different 'mats' are used is deserving of great praise, and demonstrates the extent to which the process of flat chasing may be carried. Compared with works of a similar kind exhibited by other countries, they seem to be perfect of their class, having no rivals. While other exhibits rest principally upon rare and costly works, elaborated to the highest degree, this little display of the Americans rests upon humble work, proving that ordinary articles may be exalted and invested with a dignity that will entitle them to rank with the proudest achievements of industrial art."

The Nation.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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